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THE END

--OF THE--

CATTLE TRAIL

-BY-

J. L. Hill

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THE MILLIONAIRE COWBOY

Jake Raines, brand and all around cow expert, on cow pony "Cheyenne." Jake has 30 years' service to his credit and has accumulated a snug fortune on wages compounded at 10 per cent. He is a bachelor, believes in the old order of things, and "can't brag a bit."

THE END OF THE CATTLE TRAIL

In presenting to the public this brief history of the Cattle Trail, I am turning back the mystic pages of time to the Creation, searching for the first recorded mention of domesticated cattle. And through the dead and desolate ages follow man's slow and upward progress to the end of the Cattle Trail.

Men have lived on this earth some 100,000 years, but we know the story for only the last 7000 years. We do know, however, a few disconnected facts about the vast dim stretch of time preceding real history.

The first men were brute-like, lower and more helpless than the lowest savages in the world today. They had not even fire or knife, or bows and arrows. Thousands and thousands of years passed uncounted, while our forefathers were learning to take the first stumbling steps up from savagery towards civilized life.

Five gains in particular during those slow ages are beyond price. The use of fire, the beginning of languages, the taming of the cow, sheep, dog and other animals. The discovery and cultivation of wheat, rice and other food plants, the invention of picture writing, and the rebus stage of writing. After this last invention history, which is the record of man's life, could begin.

I am indebted to the Standard Dictionary of Facts, that the Samaritan Pentatuch placed the Creation 4700 B. C. The Hebrew account followed by Usher as the most generally accepted standard, place it 4004 B. C. During the intervene from the Creation to the deluge 2348 B. C., we find Jabel a son of Jubal, owned cattle. Dates and events at the dawn of history are involved in doubt. They are mere approximations. In searching these records, I find in 3609 B. C. Jabal was using cattle for purposes of husbandry, and was the first to build a tent for habitation.

Of the great changes evolution is supposed to have wrought, from monkey to man, we have no record. We are forced to believe that God created man in his own image, and that he created cattle for the use of man, leaving him in his primitive state, to make his own advancement in education and intelligence.

THE END OF THE CATTLE TRAIL

Following the dim trail of human upward progress from savagery to civilization, we find amazing confirmation of the fact that domesticated cattle was an important factor in that advancement. We have evidence that before the dawn of history wild cattle roamed over the barren wastes of Asia, and were objects of chase by primitive hunters. It is natural to infer that the animals in their adult state were slain for food, while their young were taken and domesticated. By confinement and contact with man, they ultimately lost their wild instincts and these captives in time, became fully domesticated. As their herds increased they were driven from place to place in search of new pasture. The people became nomadic in character. Their flocks and herds furnishing food, their hides supplying clothing and shelter for the roving tribes.

David, mentioned in the Bible as a shepherd, a son of Jesse of the tribe of Judah, was born in Bethlehem and flourished in the eleventh century B. C. History tells us that he watched the flocks of his father, when Samuel was sent by the Most High to Bethlehem to anoint him King of Israel. It does not tell us whether the flocks were sheep, cattle or goats, but from what we have gleaned of the past before that time, we must believe it was a mixed herd.

Moses, that great Hebrew prophet, was born in Egypt, 1570 B. C. In pursuance of a royal command, that all male infants of Hebrew birth should be destroyed, Moses, to escape this fate was laid in a basket among a clump of bullrushes, on the banks of the Nile, and there discovered by a daughter of Pharaoh, who adopted him as her son.

When he arrived at manhood, Moses began to form plans for the deliverance of his race from bondage, incurring by so doing, Egyptian mistrust. He fled to Midian, where he served as a shepherd until his 80th year. Then he is said to have been the recipient of the Lord's command to guide the children of Israel out of captivity into the land of Canaan. Here again history leaves us in doubt, as to how those people lived while traveling to the land of Canaan. We have no knowledge of their having bacon, flour and beans to take along to sustain life. We do know, if we can believe the scant records of Ancient History, that they had cattle. We can only infer that the Lord in His wisdom selected Moses for his knowledge of the country and his experience as a herder, to safely guide the children of Israel out of their bondage into Canaan, that land of freedom. And having positive proof that the early pursuits of the nomadic tribes inhabiting Asia at that time, were pastoral, we have every reason to believe that their main sustenance and hope was their cattle, and other domesticated animals.

I only mention these facts of Ancient History to prove that down through the ages of human prograss, domesticated cattle has been an important factor in the advancement of man to a higher civilization. There in the valley of the Nile, the supposed cradle of man, we find our first evidence of man's engaging in agricultural pursuits, and using oxen for beasts of burden. With the ever increasing numbers of his flocks, and herds, the need of implements with which to till the soil, and the knowledge to harness his oxen to the load, caused man to think. By though he slowly but surely increased his knowledge, and as his mind expanded, we find that the tribes that were first to have domesticated cattle and from necessity, were the fathers of invention, became the rulers of the world.

Every Celtic nation for ages has raised cattle, and they have been regarded by Barbarians and Pagan peoples as the greatest of the divine gifts to man.

After he began to think, the natural human instinct of bettering his condition developed faster, so he sought other countries to conquer. Following his trail in search of conquest we soon find him on the shores of Spain. The Spania Hispania and Ibernia of the Greeks, known to the Romans by the same names, is supposed to have been originally inhabited by a distinct race called Ibernians, upon whom a host of Celts are supposed to have descended from the Pyrenees. The Celts brought with them their flocks, and herds of cattle. These two races formed the mixed race of Celteberians. About the middle of the third century B. C., the Carthaginian influence began to be felt in Iberia, and a considerable tract of territory was brought under subjection to the Carthage by Hamilcar, who founded the City of Barcelona. About 206 B. C. the Romans had driven the Carthaginians from the peninsula and the country became a Roman province. For three centuries, Spain was the richest province of the Roman Empire.

In 711 the Moors obtained mastery of nearly the whole of Spain. From the advent of the Moors, and during the period of their domination, the independent kingdom of Leon grew in power and extent. The Moors brought with them the strong-hearted Arabian Pony. After centuries of domestication in Europe the so-called Spanish Pony and the Spanish cattle were the first domesticated animals to invade the trackless plains of the new world.

Spain in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, was one of the most powerful countries in the world. Some of her wisest and best educated men believed that by sailing due west they would find land, the new El Dorado. Christopher Columbus after long, and very nearly hopeless persuasion, succeeded in inducing the Queen of Spain to fit out the expedition with him in charge, that resulted in the discovery of America in 1492.

What did they find there? They found very nearly a paradise on earth, for the habitation of man. They found a primitive people living off the country. They found abundance of wild fruits, wild vegetables, and wild game. They found everything necessary to satisfy the needs of a seemingly happy and contented race. They found surprising confirmation of the fact that domesticated cattle was a potent factor in man's upward struggle to a higher standard of living. Where no wild animals existed that were easily domesticated. The Indians though an intelligent race, remained savages.

Recent explorations among the mounds, the last home of a pre-historic race that inhabited the Missouri Valley, we have evidence that in art, and science they were in advance of the Indian tribes that came after them. Of this race we know little. Archeologists and ethnologists believe them to have originally come from China, by way of a chain of islands through the South Pacific connecting Asia with the mainland of North America, at or near Central America, or Mexico.

Late discoveries among ruins of this long lost tribe, have found in their sculpture, their clay modelings and ornaments, close resemblance of Chinese art, helping to bear out this theory. Those people had no cattle. Strange as it may seem, recent explorations of their caves have uncovered unmistakable evidence of the revolting custom of cannibalism. Scientists have closely linked this mysterious race with the Toltecs of Central America and Mexico, who fleeing from famine and the Aztecs, drifted North where they found conditions more suitable for their existence.

For years they flourished. Why did they devour each other in a fertile valley, where game and everything for the needs of a primitive race was plentiful, Is it any wonder that they perished from the face of the earth, leaving little evidence of their having existed, but helping thoughtful man to realize that nature and nature's God rules the Universe. Inasmuch as only the fittest shall survive.

Following the trail of the cave dwellers and mound builders, came the Indians, the aborigines found by Columbus, inhabiting the boundless wastes of both North and South America. From whence another problem for Scientists to ponder over. One plausible theory is that they came from Asia by way of another chain of islands connecting Asia with North America at the southern extremity of Alaska. In evidence of which we still have the last link in that chain, the Alutian group of islands, extending its outstretched arm far out in the Pacific.

None of the aboriginal inhabitants of America had domesticated animals. Columbus on his second voyage in 1493, brought the first cattle to America. He, the greatest of all discoverers, realized the importance of domesticated cattle, for beasts of burden, and their absolute necessity in the sustenance and maintenance of human life. This fact should be indelibly inscribed on a monument to his memory. From these and other early Spanish importations, were transplanted on the shores of the New World, the cattle that made Texas famous.

Twenty-six years after the landing of the first cattle by Columbus, Cortez landed at Tobasco in 1519, with the first horses brought to America, using them for transporting his army and equipment in conquest of the country. He advanced to Mexico where he seized the Mexican king Montezuma, whom he subsequently put to death, and under the superior intelligence of his followers, the kingdom of the natives soon crumbled, leaving Spain in control of Mexico.

The Spaniards' idea of colonization began with the church. So the priest and the soldier went out together. The soldier conquered the native, the priest Christianized him. Next he had to be civilized, and settled in villages with artisans to teach him the ways of civilization. There is their three-fold plan. The Mission, the Presidio or Fort, and the Pueblo or village.

These first few cattle brought to America were very closely guarded. As they increased they were distributed among the settlements, the missions and presidios throughout Mexico and Texas. It was customary for the early Spanish settlers to keep all she stock for breeding. As conditions were favorable they increased rapidly. Those that strayed far away were lost. As some of the Indian tribes inhabiting the country were hostile, it was not safe for the herder to go to far in search of them. These strays soon became wild, and there is the origin of the wild long horn cattle that once roamed over the vast Mesquit prairies of Mexico and Texas.

Before mounting my mustang and heading for bed grounds of the range cattle, should I stray from the beaten trail followed by most writers, to make brief mention of some of the Pioneers of the range before the trail crossed the Big Muddy, I hope it will not be amiss to give a brief review of the early history of Texas, the birthplace of the range cattle, and of the beautiful city of San Antonio, the home of many of the Pioneers of the Range.

The first attempt at colonization in Texas known to history, was made by La Salle, who sailed into Matagorda Bay, and erected Fort St. Louis on the Lavaca in 1685. In 1715 the name New Philippines was given to the country, and the Marquis de Aguayo was made Governor General. Under his rule the Spanish settlements were rapidly multiplied.

The purchase of Louisiana from France in 1803, by the United States, left the boundary of the old Spanish possessions open to controversy. In the absence of any national settlement, a series of revolutionary intrigues began with the projected movement of Aaron Burr in 1806. In 1819 the Sabine River was finally established as the Texas boundary.

The revolutionary spirit which made Texas a region of turmoil, did not cease when Mexico became independent under the leadership of Iturbide. Though several peaceable and thrifty American Colonies had been planted, the dictator Bustamante in 1830, forbade the people from the United States from further immigration. That was the match that set aflame the bitterness that had long existed between the two races. The Americans determined to throw off the galling yoke of Mexican rule, and in 1835 organized a provisional government with Sam Houston Commander in Chief of the Texas forces. Several battles were fought against the Mexican forces under General Santa Ana, the Tiger of Mexico. The most noted battle of that war was at the old Mission at San Antonio, now known as the Alamo, on March 6th, 1836. Converted into a fort it was occupied by one hundred and fifty Americans. Though attacked by 4,000 Mexicans under Santa Ana, the Texans held it from February 23rd to March 6th, when Santa Ana took it by storm. All but seven of the garrison perished. Six of these were murdered after their surrender, one man escaping to report the battle. General Travis lying on his cot, too sick to take an active part in the fight, was abusing Santa Ana, when that great warrior gained entrance to the fort. He was ordered to desist and, not complying with the order, he was cruelly deprived of his tongue in the presence of the few survivors before their execution.

There fell together the intrepid Crochett, the famous Bowie, the unconquered Travis, with one hundred and fifty others, all martyrs to the Lone Star State.

No story of a like defense is written on a page of history. The great battle of Thermopylae, or the famous charge of the Marines at Chateau Thierry, will hold no higher place on history's emblazoned pages, than the battle of the Alamo.

The atrocities of the Mexicans awakened deep sympathy for the Texans. Remember the Alamo became a war cry in their struggle for freedom.

The contest was practically settled with the battle of San Jacinto, April 21, 1836, when Santa Ana was taken prisoner. Before entering that famous battle, the commanding officer of the Texans, knowing they were about to engage the flower of Santa Ana's army, asked if someone would pray. Down the line the request was passed, until it came to the gallant young Captain Cleburn, who said, "I will pray if every man in the command will kneel down." Every man knelt. He prayer. These are the words of that famous prayer:

"Oh Lord look down on us with tender mercy. If you can't be on our side, don't be on the side of the 'greasers'. Just lay low and keep still and you will see one of the damnedest fights you ever saw in your mortal days."

Texas was admitted into the Union in 1845, the fifteenth under the Constitution.

On Texas soil was fought the last battle of the Civil War, ending in a Federal defeat, May 13th, 1865. Here on May 26, 1865, General Kirby Smith surrendered the last Confederate army undefeated.

Under a charter issued by the hand of Ferdinand III of Spain in 1689 San Antonio was first settled by the Don. The town was then called San Fernando and was situated on the West bank of the beautiful San Antonio River. In 1718 the Mission San Antonio De Valero (now called the Alamo), was established on the Eastern side. The friars of Queretaro held San Fernando while the Alamo was occupied by the Franciscian monks.

In 1736 a colony was sent out by the King of Spain from the Canary Islands, and the two were merged and given the name of San Antonio. Born of the double ambition of Spain to check the Frenchman's west advance, and to extend the power of the Church in the New World, the sword, and the crosier, the smoke of battle, the odor of incense, the stern word of command, the peaceful monotone of prayer, commingled equally to bring about the growth of San Antonio. Warrior leaders in both state and church of world-wide fame have had their dwellings there. The city with its time-stained and time-honored Alamo, and other missions, breathing forth the spirit of the Spaniards and the Moor, stands preeminent in history and in romance in legend and in song. Like me and women, cities have an atmosphere and an individuality of their own. San Antonio is so different, and here lies its chiefest charm.

When I left there for the trail in 1883, one could find on every hand the crumbling evidence of the old days of Spanish rule. You could hear the softest thrumming of the old guitar to charm the meek-eyed senoritas at twilight hour, or the tunefull toll of old San Fernandis bell calling all to prayers. The clink of the spurs as the cowboys come to town from the range. The march time music in the old dance hall. The click of the poker chips, all redolent of the days long gone. For then San Antonio was a wide-open town. It was there the Spanish Priests and the soldiers reared the first milestone to mark the progress of the West. 'Twas there the red and yellow banners of Castile were flaunted to the Southern breeze. 'Twas there that a mere handful of Texas frontiersmen held at bay for eleven days, Santa Ana's army of four thousand men, in one of the most daring and spectacular wars ever waged in any land. It is there that we can still see the Mexican in gaudy costume, and high sombrero. The Castilian gentlemen, the booted Englishman from the ranch, the Frenchman, Pole, Armenian, and the cowboys from the range. It was there the cattle men did meet, for there was built the outpost of the land. San Antonio is no outpost of civilization, now it is a modern city of 120,000 inhabitants. The home of many of the old time cattle men.

At the time the Pioneers, the founders of the empire of Texas, were fighting for their liberty, Illinois and Iowa were a great unfenced range. Missouri was the borderland of civilization. The Mississippi was the barrier between the settlements and the great unknown West. That great Father of Rivers, named by the Sioux Indians Minnie Sho Sho Tonk, meaning Big Muddy Water, was the deadline that for a few years checked the westward march of the Pioneer. Beyond which the Indian and the buffalo held undisputed sway.

A rugged race of pioneer soccupied the border lands of Illinois and Iowa. Those early pioneers lived in peaceful relationship with the aboriginal occupants, the Kickapoo and the Delaware tribes. Their wealth was in their herds. A few drove their mature four and five year old steers through to the Atlantic seaboard to market. In the early fifties they drove to Chicago. They were twelve or thirteen days on the trail from the ranges in central Illinois to the slaughter houses on the outskirts of Chicago. They grazed their beeves through the summers, started on the drive in September, the drive lasting to the latter part of October.

Often on reaching Chicago the drivers had to wait several days for favorable killing weather. They used no ice those days. The beef was hung as fast as dressed, and weighed after cooling out, payment being made on dressed weight.

The owner of the cattle got nothing for the hide or offal, the packer appropriating the hide, and there was no means then of utilizing the offal. The beef was barreled and shipped to Europe, most of it being used by England's naval and merchant marine. There were a number of packers engaged in beef barreling at Chicago, namely, the Clybourn, Thomas Dyer, R. M. and O. S. Hough, and Chapin and Wadsworth plants.

As soon as the beef could be weighed they got their money. Thousands of fat steers were sold for $3.50 to $4.50 per hundred pounds dressed.

The last drive from Illinois was made in 1855. The Alton road was put in operation the previous year, and the country was bein grapidly fenced up and they left the trail for the rail.

Three lines railroads, the Lake Shore, Michigan Central, and Fort Wayne, reached Chicago about the same time, and they began shipping cattle to New York, where they were not dependent on the barrelers and got the benefit of a fresh meat trade, and an all the year round market. For ten years the bulk of cattle from these Middle West ranges was shipped to New York.

In 1865 the present Union Stock Yards at Chicago were first opened, and another revolution effected. The plow and the cradle were driving the range cattle back. Profitable maintenance of the beef herds on the productive lands of the corn belt became impossible. The cattlemen of those regions soon began to look to the vast and cheaper unsettled grazing lands across the Big Muddy, to fill their feed lots. The pioneers who had taken possession of Texas found numerous herds of wild cattle scattered over the thousands of miles of unsettled prairies. The undisputed winter range of the buffalo were the antelope and the mustang grazed in countless thousands, and the Comanche raided the cow camp and fought other tribes for possession of these vast and uncharted hunting grounds. The wild cattle found in Texas by the early pioneer were the offspring of those that strayed away from the early Spanish settlers that took possession of Mexico in the sixteenth century.

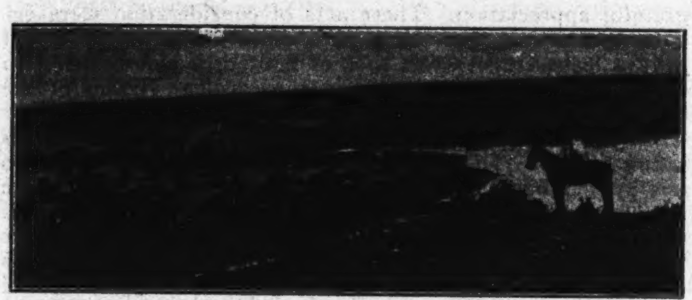
For over one hundred years they had roamed the mesquite prairies in unmolested freedom, had increased into thousands. There were never millions as some supposed. I received a great deal of information from some of the early pioneers concerning these wild cattle, their habits and the method they pursued in capturing them. An old settler by the name of Hudson who, if I remember right, settled in Fannin County, five or six miles North of Bonham, in 1837. I liked to listen to him tell about the early days in Texas, as I was very much interested, and I asked him many questions about the wild cattle. He said after they came in contact with man a few times they became so wild they would not venture out of the brush in daylight. Eastern and Central Texas was and is yet, partly covered with a scrubby growth of oak brush with hackberry and pecan and other growth in the lower sections. In the higher, dryer altitudes of the South and Southwest, the mesquite covers the prairies. The mesquite is a scrubby brush, native of Mexico, Texas and the Southwest. It somewhere resembles the honey-locust, having a thorn on it, making it difficult to ride through. It grows a bean that cattle and other stock will live on when other feed is scarce. These miles of brushy prairies were interspersed with strips of open prairies covered with luxuriant grasses. There was the ideal home of the wild ling horn. There he was found.

They would locate a bunch of wild cattle, watch them for days—probably weeks—to find where they watered, and the location of their grazing grounds. Then on some moonlit night the cow-hunters mounted on their best rope ponies, would ride noiselessly to the prairie where they expected to find the object of their hunt. They were not successful on every raid, though often every man in the hunt would succeed in roping one before they reached the brush, tie them down, until daylight, when they would bring them in and mark and brand them. The old ones were killed for their hides, as they would never become gentle, the calves and young stock were herded in daytime with the gentle stock. Corralled at night until they were gentle enough to handle on the open prairie. Those were the days before use of the chuck wagon. When they wanted to hunt the range to brand the calves or round up the beeves for market, they would call in their neighbors, and put their blankets and cooking utensils on a pack horse. The cooking utensils usually consisted of a frying pan and a coffee pot with a piece of bacon and a little corn meal or flour. Beef was plentiful and cheap. Each man would have from two to five horses in his mount. They worked the range the best they could, branding the calves and driving each man's cattle back to his range.

In those days herds of cattle and horses grazed over the vast unfenced and unclaimed range. Each ranchman, by his mark and brand, was enabled to identify his stock and secure his increase. Trained to the range and keen of eye as they were, the old-time rancher and his cowboys would not find every cow and calf when they worked this vast territory. As a result there was a small percentage yearly, of unmarked and unbranded calves. These calves being weaned from the mother cows would be scattered over the range, the property of whoever first found and branded them. These cattle were called mavericks. This name had its origin in the fact that Sam Mevrick, then an honored citizen of San Antonio, was the owner of a large brand of cattle that ranged over Southwest Texas. During the Civil War he was unable to brand up the increase, and in consequence there was in the years following many unbranded and unmarked cattle on the range. This fact and the cause of it was a matter of general knowledge throughout this section. Thereafter when the old-time cowboy found an unmarked and unbranded yearling or two-year-old on the range, it was supposed to at one time to have belonged to the San Antonio citizen. Hence the term maverick soon became universal for an animal found on the range unmarked and unbranded.

I am borrowing a few lines, giving in detail the method of hunting the range in the very early days of the Texas cattle rancher. Written by Luther A. Lawhon of San Antonio, for the old trail drivers of Texas. There are few men better qualified to write the true story of the pioneer Texas cattle ranches than Mr. Lawhon. While writing from memory and my own experiences on the range, and the trail, I find that so much has been written about the great range cattle industry of the West, by those old trail drivers, many of whom have followed the dimming trail of the long horn from the heyday of his wild existence to his passing from the range. Their graphically written story of the early days of the free range and the trail have left little to write. I can endeavor only to give in part that which has been left unsaid.

THE END OF THE CATTLE TRAIL



WAITING FOR THE BALANCE OF ROUND-UP TO COME IN.

The gather for Round-Up often covers several miles radius. The first to arrive hold until all are in.

Drifting back to the story of Mr. Lawhon, describing the roundup of the sixties, before the chuck wagon had been introduced. Those old time ranchmen were content to simply cow hunt twice a year and brand their calves and, as a rule, those whose ranches were the nearest hunted together and made up an outfit. Their provisions, flour, coffee and dried beef, with the bedding, was loaded on a pack horse which was driven with the saddle ponies. They worked the country, branded the calves, camped at night where water was plentiful and grass good. There was an unwritten law recognized by the good women of the towns as well as the country, that whenever a party of cow hunters rode up and asked to have bread baked, it mattered not the time of day, the request was cheerfully complied with. Not from fear of insult in case of refusal, for each and every cowboy was the champion defender of womanhood, and would have scorned to have uttered a disrespectful word in her presence, but from an accommodating spirit, and a kindness of heart which was universally characteristic in those frontier days. I remember many times that cow hunters rode up to my father's house, and telling my mother they were out of bread, asked that she kindly bake their flour for them. Everything was at once made ready. The sack was lifted from the pack horse and brought in. In due time their bread wallets were once more filled with freshly cooked biscuits, and the cowboys rode away with grateful appreciation. These acts of consideration were entirely gratuitous, but the generous-hearted cowboys would always leave either a half sack of flour or a money donation as a free will offering. One of the cardinal virtues of the old time ranchman was hospitality. This commendable trait was not alone possessed by him, but was an attribute of his entire family. The cordial welcome was not restricted to nearby neighbors, and friends, but was freely extended to the strangers within the gates. The way-worn traveler was never turned aside. Brave, hospitable and generous, the old time ranger believed in simple justice stripped of all technicalities of law. Those were the kind of men that took possession of the vast untenanted prairies of the Southwest. When the Indian and the buffalo still held undisputed sway. When the plains of the West was described as a great desert, for except to a few daring trappers the region was unknown. The wild Indians roamed at will over this great hunting ground, each tribe claiming considerable portions as of vested right, waging incessant warfare against encroachments of rival bands. When throughout this vast wilderness the regular army acted as the advance guard of civilization, this was not the work of weaklings, but of viril, courageous and hard-riding troopers inured to self denial and hardship.

The trapper will always hold a place in the history of the West. To him has been given the honor of blazing the trail that the pioneers followed, that led to the range of the buffalo, the home of the wild Indian in the far distant West. While not wishing to take from him one line written to the memory of that true type of frontier manhood, I believe I can say without fear of contradiction that his mission was not that of a conqueror; he seldom had to fight for his life. The Red Man was not long in learning his mission among them. They soon learned from him the value of fur and buffalo robes by trading with them the much needed guns, ammunition, and food for their skins. They looked on the trapper as a friend instead of an invader of their domain. At times poor Lo suffered grievous wrongs at their hands, though it was not because they wanted to be mean, but because they did not understand him. Not knowing his language they sometimes misconstrued his good intentions, and trouble would result. Still the Indians did not fear the hunter and trapper, they knew he would move on.

The ever watchful eye of the savages saw in the rugged pioneers of the cattle range, an enemy they feared. They saw in the cowboy an invader of their lands, their homes, and their hunting grounds. To the native Indian that was all he possessed. His resentment knew only the law of relatiation, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. So long as his hunting grounds teemed with game, the little army could never quite command peace.

When the cowboy and the skin hunter with his Sharps rifle went forth to destroy his fool supply. When he saw the millions of his cattle—the buffalo—fast falling before their onslaught. When he, the nomad of the Western plains, was striving to hold his own against the onward march of the all conquering civilization. That he did not tamely submit, the bleaching skeletons of the pale face from Canada to Texas gave silent evidence.

Those were the conditions the early cattle men had to contend with.

In the sixties and early seventies, the Cheyennes, Kiowas, and Comanches were among the most daring horse thieves and raiders between the Canadian and the Mexican border. In the early seventies, Texas had more bad men as they were called, than any other country on the globe. The very vastness of the unorganized counties and the unoccupied range stretching from the Rio Grande on the South, to the unsettled domain of the Canadian Northwest. From the buffalo range on the Colorado to the peaceful slumbers of the Pacific. No country every seen by man or imagined by God was so saturated with peace and tragedy, or so over-run with rustlers and bad men. They were there in all their glory, coming from the pine-clad forests of Maine, to the moss covered shores of the Everglades. He found his haven there before the law came West. Some had killed his man. Others had read dime novels of the long-haired men of the west, who wore bowie knixes, six-shooters, and bell spurs, and whose only vocation was robbing others. Many of them were mere boys, who had robbed a bird's nest in the East, hungered and thirsted for blood and badness, migrated to the Southwest and joined the rustlers, that were running rampant in the land of the range cattle.

THE END OF THE CATTLE TRAIL

Despite the ravages of the rustle and the wild Indian, the cowmen pushed steadily on. They were not driven from some other country, they went because they wanted to go; because they coveted adventure, and the hazard of new fortune. They were not afraid to take their chances against the rustler and the bad Indian. They slowly drove the Indian and the buffalo back. The cowboy ranger's cabin took the place of the Indian teepee along the creeks and rivers of the border lands.

With the passing of the fleeting years, new recruits were being added to the ranks of the cattle men. The open spaces were filling up, and thousands of long horn cattle and Spanish ponies were seen grazing over the winter feeding grounds of the buffalo, the home of the long horn.

The ever increasing number of their herds and the remoteness of the range from the marts of civilization, made it difficult to find a market for their beeves. I am indebted to Mr. Ike T. Pryor, a pioneer of the trail, now a wealthy and honored citizen of San Antonio, for the information that from 1865 to 1875 Southwest Texas was producing a surplus of long horn common cattle. There was no local market nor practically no way of getting them to market at a price that would leave the owner any money over and above the expense of producing them. The cattle men began to look North, South, East, and West for a market. About that time four packing houses, three near Rock Port and one at Flower Bluff, Texas, were erected. The cattle men would drive their beeves and old cows to these packing plants, selling them at from three to five dollars per head. They were rendered out, and the tallow shipped to the candle and soap makers. The hides went to the tanners, the bones and flesh were used for fertilizing, the hoofs and horns went to the button and comb makers of Connecticut. These products were shipped by coast line steamers and sail boats. A great many drove their beeves to Galveston and other Texas ports, and shipped from there to New Orleans and Havana. Some drove through to New Orleans. Mr. H. H. Campbell, one of the pioneers of the range, whose range was in Ellis County, from 1865 to 1878, drove through to New Orleans, using a pack outfit. In the meantime some of the old timers had begun driving North, looking for an outlet and a market. This was the beginning of the trail that led to the markets of the border towns of Kansas and Missouri, and later to the maturing grounds of the Northwest.

Those driving North found a ready market, and the driving was cheap. They could graze to the back doors of the towns, reaching market in better condition than when they started. The cattle men found driving to the markets of the North more profitable than shipping or driving to New Orleans or the Packing Plants on the coast. The packing plants at Rock Port and at Flower Bluff, Texas, were discontinued. From that date the droves to the North increased.

Just who was the first man to drive a herd from Texas to Kansas is yet in doubt. A sketch of the Chisholm Trail written by Fred Sutton of Oklahoma City in the "Old Trail Drivers of Texas", gives John Chisholm the honor of driving the first bunch of cows from San Antonio to Abilene, Kansas, in 1868. In 1879 I worked for old Dick Copeland on a ranch near Bonham, Fannanin County, Texas. He was with General Kirby Smith when the latter surrendered the last of the Southern army on May 26, 1865. Uncle Dick, as every one called him, told me that he drove a herd of cattle up the trail to Abilene in 1867. The cattle belonged to Oldham and Layton, a firm doing business in Bonham, Texas, at the time I worked for him, in 1879. I cannot veriby that as being the correct date, though I found Copeland honest and truthful with me in all his dealings. Some think Copeland was with one of the herds belonging to John Chisholm in 1868. I am unable to find proof of either statement.

In a recent communication with that grand old pioneer of the cattle range, Charles Goodnight, who after a continuous service of sixty-five years in the range cattle industry of Texas, and still lives to tell the tale, living on his ranch at Goodnight, Texas, says, to his knowledge there was no Chisholm Trail. He says Joe McCoy was the first man to drive over the Northern trail. It is evident that Mr. Goodnight has let that part of the history of the trail so important in the life of the range cattle industry of Texas, pass by unrecorded in his memory. There is little doubt, but what John Chisholm was among the first to drive cattle from Texas across the Indian Territory. He was said to have been a half-breed Cherokee Indian cattle trader, and to have driven a great many cattle from Texas to the Indian agencies and government posts on the border of Kansas and the Indian Territory. The names of John Chisholm, Joe McCoy, and Dick Copeland will ever be identified with the pioneer pathfinders that were the first to mark the trail that led to the border towns if civilization, and later to vast unoccupied maturing grounds of the northwest. The trail that made it possible for Texas to become the greatest cattle breeding grounds in the world.

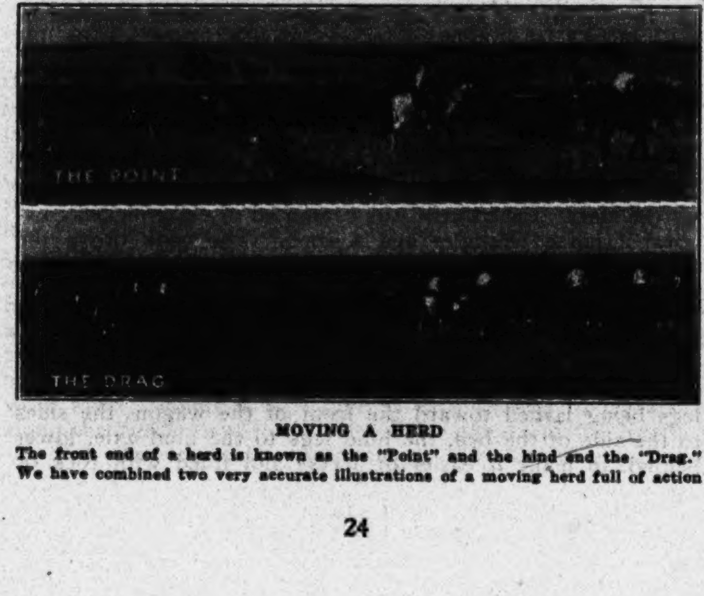
The part those men played in pioneering on the trail and on the range, was of no more importance than many of the old frontier cattle men, mentioned in the "Old Trail Driver of Texas". Many of whom were seeking a market to the North before the hoof print of the first herd was erased by time from the prairie grass along the trail, and whose names are so closely linked with the pioneer days of the Texas cattle range. The foundation on which the great Empire state was built.

The finding of a market to the North for their surplus cattle gave to the cattle rancher renewed hope. He extended his range on to the West. Narrowing the limits of the hunting grounds of the Red Man. Before the markets at the North were able to handle the fast increasing supply of beeves from the Texas ranges, before the vast unknown prairies of the North had been added to the domain of cattle ranchers, where thousands of buffalo roamed over the unconquered hunting grounds of the Sioux and the Pawnees, some of the fearless pioneers were looking to the government posts and the Indian agencies to the West, for a market. The trails that led from the great breeding grounds of Texas to the markets at the North, and to the West, were not surveyed or laid out like a public highway for indefinite use. It was the result of the pathfinders of the range, driving his beeves and old cows to market over the trackless plains, leaving a trail that others followed. The boss or owner would ride ahead to locate water and the best place to cross the streams. They followed the most practical route to a certain destination. Others in quest of a market followed the same trail. In time the grass was worn away, leaving a well defined trail leading to markets along the border, and to the unoccupied ranges of the North.

The pioneers of the cattl erange, like the Indian, gave way to the settler. Not that he, like the Red Man, disliked the advance of civilization. He realized that was the inevitable result that would always follow in the wake of the pathfinder, who drove the buffalo and the Indian back and made possible the settlement of the West. As that great tide of Anglo Saxon civilization advanced, and encroached on the conquered domain of the cattle men, the trail and the cowboys' cabin was moved on to the West.

The tragic story of the first attempt to drive a herd of cattle across that great waterless plain, Llano Ecstacado, named by the early Spanish explorers, who, looking out across its vast stretches, could see no land mark, left behind driven stakes to guide their return. This story has been told and retold around the campfire on the range. The names of Charlie Goodnight and Oliver Loving are known to every cowpuncher in the land of cattle. These pioneers were the first to seek the Indian Agencies of New Mexico and Colorado as a market for their cattle.

In 1866 Goodnight and Loving started from near old Fort Belknap in the Brazos River to Fort Sumner, New Mexico, with two herds. The mining towns and the agencies afforded the best opportunities to the cattlemen in those days, but the chances of reaching them seemed almost hopeless to the ordinary man. The country swarmed with hostile Indians, and no one knew the conditions as to grass and water. They were not the kind of men that turn away from danger or feared to take a chance in any honest proposition. One of them had been to Sumner and made a contract for the delivery of two herds of cattle at the post in the summer of 1866. Early in March they had the cattle rounded up ready for the start. Each outfit was composed of eight picked cowboys, a horse wrangler and a cook. The cook drove the chuck wagon to which was hitched six Spanish mules. In the wagons was carried the food supply, the blankets and war bags of the men. On each side of the wagon was lashed a water barrel, and each man carried a canteen. Under the wagon was the coonie, this was a rawhide stretched to the running gear of the wagon, while green, the head and forelegs being lashed toward the front of the wagon, the sides to the side of the bed, the hind legs to the hind axle, lower behind, to make it easier of access and filled with rock or something heavy while drying made it bag down, increasing its carrying capacity. This coonie was used for a carryall, but its main purpose was to carry buffalo chips for fuel for cooking. For hundreds of miles on those plains there is not wood enough for a toothpick. Early in March they had everything in readiness, and made the start for the head of the Concho. Experienced cowmen never drive or crowd their cattle going on a long drive. The movement of the herd is governed as near as possible to the habit of cattle running at large on the range. They are allowed to remain on the bed ground as long as they will, and when they begin to walk off they are grazed in the direction they want to go. By nine or ten o'clock they have eaten their fill, and want to go to water. They are then let hit the trail. The pointers, a man on each side near the lead, keep them headed in the desired direction. The swing drivers keep them pushed in line. The flank riders push in the flank until they are strung out for miles like a moving bright colored ribbon, winding its way over the grassy plains. The drag drivers bring up the rear or drags. Thus they reached the head of the Concho by the end of March.



MOVING A HERD

The front end of a herd is known as the "Point" and the hind end the "Drag." We have combined two very accurate illustrations of a moving herd full of action

THE END OF THE CATTLE TRAIL

For two days they laid there to rest the cattle. While resting on the Concho, Goodnight was out scouting to the West to find the most practical route. They knew they must keep very near due west across that waterless unknown stretch.

Late on the evening of the second day, after the cattle had been well grazed and watered, the water barrels and canteens filled, the herds were thrown on the trail headed for the Pecos, ninety-six miles away across the dryest, least known country on the American continent. All night they trailed them without sleep or rest. For three nights and four days they pushed on toward the West, resting in the heat of the day only. They had used every drop of water they had the evening of the second day, and none in sight. With tongues parched and swollen by the dryness of the atmosphere and the clouds of dust, they pushed on with that determined expression on every man's face so characteristic of the pioneer cowmen, to do or die. At last on the evening of the fourth day, the leaders raised their heads and began to step up. Suddenly they break into a trot. A smile takes the place of the determined look on the faces of the cowmen, they know the cattle smell water. Every man except two rides to the lead of the herd to hold the famished cattle back or they would break into a mad stampede and plunge into the water on top of each other, drowning some in their eagerness to quench their thirst. When the leader reached the river, the drags three or four miles back, came stringing in until they were strung along the river, soon satisfied, in the valley of the Pecos where grass and water was plentiful.

The outfits laid there at Horsehead Crossing for three days to rest. Then the drive up the level valley of the Rio Pecos begun. The cattle and horses were grazing belly deep in the juicy mesquite grass, and everything looked good for the safe deliverance of the herds at the post at Fort Sumner.

The most dreaded part of the trail, the Llano Estacado, lay behind them. They were now in the Indian country, and if they could escape the eagle eye of the Comanche, they would get through safely. They had found some old sign, and had hopes that the war parties had gone to the east or north on their raid. After driving three or four days up the Pecos without seeing any fresh sign, they concluded that

Loving might safely go ahead to Fort Sunmer to make arrangements for the delivery of the herds.

In his outfit were two brothers, Jim and Bill Scott, who were his most experienced and trusted men. He chose Jim Scott for his companion, and at dark they started on the dash to Sunmer.

Their plan was to ride by night and lie in concealment during the day. Dawn of the third day found them riding through a level country near the present town of Carlsbad, New Mexico, without cover of any kind to conceal them. They decided to push on to the hills above the mouth of Dark Canyon. This was a mistake, for had they ridden a mile or two to the west and dismounted before daylight they probably would not have been discovered. The alert and cruel Comanches had their scouts out that morning, riding just beneath the edge of the plain. They spied the unsuspecting Loving and Scott, riding toward them. Loving and Jim reached the bend in the river, and just as Jim, pointing to a low hill, a quarter of a mile to the West, remarked that it would be a blame good place to stand off a bunch of Indians, they were startled by the sound of thundering hoofs racing up the valley upon them. About four hundred yards away came a band of fifty Comanches, crouching low and plying the quirt to urge their horses to their utmost speed. Loving and Jim realized that their own horses were worn out and escape by running was hopeless. They wheeled and made for the hill that Jim had just mentioned. Their pace was slow at best, the Indians were gaining at every jump, and had opened fire. Before half the distance to the hill had been covered a bullet broke Loving's thigh, and killed his mule. As the mule pitched over he fell fortunately on the bank of a buffalo wallow, a circular depression in the prairie, made by buffalo wallowing in a pool after a rain. Instantly Jim sprang to the ground, giving his bridle rein to Loving who lay helpless under his mount. In another second he was sending a stream of lead from his rifle in the direction of the redskins. Two Comanches fell, and the charge was temporarily checked. As the Indians drew back out of range, Jim pulled Loving from beneath his fallen mule, and with his neck handkerchief, bandaged his wounded leg, after placing him in as easy a position as possible within the shelter of the wallow, and behind the fallen carcass of his mule. Jim led his own horse to the opposite bank of the wallow, drew his bowie knife and cut the poor beast's throat. "We are in for a fight to death and are outnumbered twenty to one," he said to Loving. As the horse fell Jim dropped down behind him. Loving said, "Reckon we are alright now Jim, and can down half o' them before they get us." Hardly were the words out of his mouth, when the Indians began a second charge. It is a custom with the plains Indians to ride in a circle around the intended victims, more especially when they have them so greatly outnumbered. With their knee pushed under his hair rope girth the horse's mane and bridle in the left hand, dropped down low on the side of his horse, leaving only a hand and foot exposed, thus on they came. In the second charge the whole band raced round their poorly entrenched victims, firing beneath their horses' necks at they drew nearer and nearer. Loving and Jim wasted no lead. Lying low behind their breastworks until the enemy were in good range they opened fire that knocked over six horses and wounded three Indians. The fire was too hot for the Comanches, and they again withdrew. Twice again that day the Indians tried the same tactics with no better result. Late in the afternoon they resorted to a direct charge, hoping to ride over the white men, and shoot them down. Up they came at a dead run, five or six abreast, the front rank firing as they advanced, but the fire from the buffalo wallow was so deadly that the savage column broke and retreated. Night came, Jim and Loving ate the few biscuits they had and some raw bacon. Their thirst was so great that it was agreed they must have water at any cost. They knew the Indians were unlikely to attempt another attack before dawn, so decided to try to reach the river about midnight. The stream was only about fifteen hundred yards away, but was a terrible journey for Loving, compelled to crawl noiselessly to avoid alarming the enemy. Jim could give him little assistance, so he followed him slowly dragging his shattered leg without a murmur. They reached the river safely, and satisfied their burning thirst. It was now necessary to find new cover. For long distances the banks of the Pecos are nearly perpendicular, and from ten to twenty feet high. The current is swift and cuts deep holes into the banks. Crawling the margin of the stream, Jim found a recess wide enough to hold them and deep enough to afford good shelter from fire from the opposite shore. The bank, slightly overhanging, rose for twenty feet above them. The Comanches could only attack from the other side of the river, which was about thirty yards wide there and afforded no shelter for the enemy.

At dawn the Indians silently crept in on the abandoned intrenchment, sprang inside with upraised weapons, only to find it deserted. The trail left by Loving's dragging leg was plain and they followed it to the river where, coming unexpectedly in range of the new defense, two if their number were killed.

Throughout the day the Indians tried every device of their savage cunning to dislodge Loving and his brave companion. They threw burning brush and red hot embers down on them, but without avail. With all their savage resources exhausted the Indians surrounded the spot, resolved to starve the white men out.

Loving was fast losing strength from the loss of blood, and they had no food but a little raw bacon. It was agreed that Jim should try to reach Goodnight, sixty miles back down the trail, and bring aid. This was a forlorn hope, but the only one. Jim was reluctant to leave, but Loving urged it as their one chance.

As soon as it was dark, Jim removed all but his underclothes, hung his boots around his neck, slid softly into the river and floated and swam down stream for more than a quarter of a mile, then crept out on the bank. On the way down the river he had lost his boots, still he struck out bravely for the trail through cactus and over stones. He traveled all night, rested a few hours in the morning, resumed his efforts in the afternoon and continued well on through the second night. Near morning, famished and worn out, with feet bleeding, Jim lay down in the grass and sagebrush a few hundred yards from the trail, and went to sleep. The two outfits were camped a mile farther down the trail. At dawn they broke camp and both passed Jim without seeing him. Then a lucky thing happened. Two or three horses had strayed away from the horse wrangler, and Jim's brother Bill was left behind to hunt them. Circling for their trail he came upon a man apparently dead. It was his brother Jim. Coffee and a little food revived him so that he could mount

Bill's horse and overtake the outfits. Goodnight ordered six men to change horses to the best they had in the remuda, and started to his partner's relief, without delay.

Loving had a close call the day after Jim left. The Comanches crossed the river, and raced up and down the banks, firing beneath their horses necks. It was a miracle how Loving escaped being hit. Lying low and watching his chance he returned such a destructive fire that the Comanches were forced to retire. The afternoon passed without further attack. The Reds had given up the siege as too dear a bargain. When night came Loving grew alarmed. Jim might be taken and killed. He must escape through the Indians and try to reach the trail at the crossing in the big bend, four miles north. Here the trail outfits might reach him in time.

Early in the night he dragged himself painfully up the bluff and reached the plain. He probably would have been safe had he lain down by the trail, but supposing the Comanches still about, he set out for the big bend. Starving, weak from loss of blood, his shattered thigh compelling him to crawl, words cannot describe the horror of this journey. But with that idomitable courage he won. Late the next afternoon he reached the crossing, then swooned. Ever since this spot, which is about half a mile below the town of Carlsbad, has been known as Loving's Bend.

At dusk that evening a large party of Mexican freighters pitched their camp nearby. While some of the men were unharnessing the teams, others went to get wood. In the darkness one Mexican thought he saw a big mesquite root, seized it and gave a tug. It was Loving's leg. Food and stimulants soon revived the wounded cowboy.

The next day brought Goodnight and his men. Goodnight hired a party of the Mexicans to take one of their carretas, and convey Loving through to Fort Sunmer. After a forced march of nine days, mostly by night, they reached the post. Although Loving was holding up well the heat and lack of proper care was telling badly on his wound, and it was apparent that nothing but amputation of the leg would save him.

The doctor of the post was out with a scouting party and only a hospital steward was available for the operation. Goodnight was afraid to trust the case to this man's inexperience.

To him the only thing to do was to send a rider through to Las Vegas, the nearest point where a surgeon could be found. The distance was one hundred and thirty miles, and the road was infested with hostile Navajos. Goodnight could find no one at the fort bold enough to take the chances. He raised his offer to one thousand dollars, but no one responded. He would have willingly gone himself, but felt that he must see that their contract was fulfilled. At last the man for the job appeared. He was Scott Moore, a contractor, who furnished wood and hay to the post.

"Charlie," he said to Goodnight, "why in the world didn't you send for me before. I've got a young Kentucky saddle mare here that is the fastest thing on the Pecos. I'll be in Vegas by sun-up tomorrow morning and I'll be back here sometime tomorrow night with a doctor. Pay, pay, be damned."

At nightfall Scott started and half an hour after sunrise he rode into the plaza of Las Vegas and routed the doctor out of bed. The doctor was no coward, but it took all of Scott's eloquence to induce him to consent to a daylight journey to Sumner, for he knew its dangers; for scarcely a week passed without word of some massacre. But Scott was a man who usually got what he went after, and before seven o'clock he and the doctor were on their way back to the post. About noon they approached the head of the arroyo de los Enteros down which the trail descended to the lower levels of the Pecos Valley.

Enteros Canyon is about three miles long, rarely more than two hundred yards wide, its sides are rocky, precipicous, and heavily timbered. The wagon trail which wound through it was exposed at every point to perfect ambuscade. It was the most dreaded stretch of the Vegas Sumner road. Just before reaching the head of the canyon the road wound around a high butte. As they turned the hill and came upon the head of the canyon the doctor, seizing Scott's arm, cried, "Good God! Scott! Look there!" On both sides, to the right and left, stood fifty or sixty Navajo ponies bridled and saddled and dripping wet with sweat. Apparently it was an ambush laid for them, and they were already surrounded. Overcome with terror, the doctor cried, "Turn, Scott, for heaven's sake."

"Doc, you are wrong, dead wrong," replied Scott, calmly, "We're as safe as if we were at the fort. If they were laying for us we'd be dead now. No, they are after bigger game. They've sighted a big freight outfit coming up from the Pecos, and are laying for that. We can slide through without seeing a buck or hearing a shot. We'll go right on down Enteros, old boy."

Down they went into what seemed the very jaws of death, but Scott was right, the Navajos were laying for other and bigger game. They got safely through the canyon and two miles out on the plain met a train of eight freight teams traveling toward Vegas. They gave the freighters warning, but it was no use. The leaders of the party thought themselves strong enough to repel any attack, and drove on into the canyon. None of them came out.

Before midnight Scott and the doctor reached Sumner. Scott Moore had covered two hundred and sixty miles in less than thirty hours and had kept his word. But, poor Oliver Loving died from the shock of the operation. Now Scott Moore is dead and gone, but the story of his heroic ride and the game fight poor Loving made for his life, still lives.

Charlie Goodnight and Oliver Loving were the first of the Texas pioneer cattle men to seek the Indian Agencies, and forts, of the West, and North, as a market for their cattle. They were the vanguard that marked the way across that great unknown plain—the Llano Estakado. These intrepid cowmen were the first to brave the dangers of the unknown Red Man's country, and mark the trail to the outposts of the West. The story of the Goodnight trail which led the way across that great arid barrier that lay between the free ranges of Texas and the Eldorado of the West, where the savage Comanche made his last brave stand against the encroachment of the white man. The trail that opened the way that others followed to the ranges farther to the West. The trail that is stained with the blood of one of its pathfinders, and immortalized by the heroic deeds of its survivors, in their vain attempt to save the life of their fallen partner, will hold a page in history to the last generation.

Just after the Civil War, or about 1867, the unoccupied free ranges of Texas was beginning to attract the attention of its hardier pioneers to the possibilities of the range cattle industry. As the ranges filled up, they began to work together.

COW OUTFIT SCATTERING TO MAKE ROUND-UP

The Foreman sends little groups in various directions to cover a rounding radius; these in turn scatter out, making a complete circle, and drive to some regular round-up ground which is usually near the center. Round-up territory is not defined by fences, but a large pasture is worked by successive round-ups until covered.

The cattlemen soon realized that they could not work the vast ranges separately, that they must co-operate to be successful. The general spring roundup was the natural result. Early every spring they would hold their roundup. The Southern part of the range, where the grass grew earlier, holding their roundup a few weeks ahead of the north. For the benefit of the uninitiated, I will give a brief outline of the system of working the range. The date being set for the holding of the general spring roundup and a foreman appointed, on the date set for the beginning, they would meet at a given point. For example, the northern spring roundup would meet at the head of Powder River in Wyoming. Each outfit through whose range they were going to work would be represented with a full crew of men, a grub wagon, range foreman, a horse wrangler, to drive the remuda, or saddle horses, and as many men as they needed, to handle the cattle. Outfits at a distance, would be represented with one man or more, governed by the number of cattle they had on the range. These representatives would pack their bedding on a pack horse and drive it with their mount of saddle ponies, to the nearest ranch going to be represented with a wagon on the roundup. They would throw their blankets on the chuck wagon, put their saddle horses in with the other' remuda, and would work with them the same as one of their own men. They would hold all cattle belonging at a distance, brand the calves, put them in the day herd to be driven along until the roundup was over, standing guard at night in reliefs. Each man would have seven or eight horses in his mount, more if he wanted them. The cook drove the chuck wagon, usually four mules or horses. The horse wrangler would drive the remuda along with the wagon, looking out for the best place to cross the streams, hunting a good roundup ground, and getting wood for the cook. When the roundup was over, the men from the outside would throw their cattle in with someone going their way, and drive the cattle back to their own range. The roundup, commencing on the head of Powder River, would work down the river, working all the tributaries to their mouth, then down the Yellowstone, to the mouth of the Little Missouri, up the Little Missouri, to the mouth of Little Beaver, up Beaver to its head, where we would meet the roundup that worked the head of the Little Missouri, giving them the cattle we were holding for that end of the range, and getting those they were holding for us. The foreman would divide the men, selecting someone familiar with the range to be worked, to take half of the men, and work the west side, while he, or some other, who knew well the immediate range, would work the east side. At early dawn they would start out; the man leading the circle would ride to the head of the creeks running into the river every few miles, dropping off a man, or two, to ride down some branch, or canyon, where there was likely to be water, or to find cattle. The men going to the extreme outside would often cover fifty or sixty miles before reaching the roundup grounds, which would be at some known place, five to eight miles below the starting point. Everything would be driven into the roundup grounds. When the boys returned from off the circle, those who wished could change horses, to their cut horse (a horse trained to cut cattle out from one herd to another, or the cutout). These horses are never ridden on a long ride, they are the pets of the outfit, some of the most intelligent and best trained horses in the world. It would astonish anyone who never saw a trained cow-horse work in a herd, to see their quick action and the display of human intelligence. The cattle brought in by the riders of the circle are bunched and the fun of cutting out the cows and calves begins. They are cut out to themselves. Often there are no corrals near; the calves had to be roped and branded on the open prairie. Two or three boys would hold the bunch together while the ropers would ride in, rope the calves and drag them near the fire, where some would mark them, others brand them. The irons were heated in the fire made of buffalo chips. Two good ropers would keep a dozen more men busy marking, and branding.

The early spring calves that are strong and hard to handle are most always roped by the hind legs, the young ones by the neck, or the most convenient way. When a large, wiry calf is roped by the neck one of the men on the ground doing the wrestling, would grab in the rope, by the neck with his left hand, and give him a slap on the flank with his right. When the calf jumps, he gives it a quick jerk in the flank, flopping it flat on its side; the jar will stun it for a moment, then the rope is released from its neck. The man at the head will put one knee on its neck, the other at its shoulder, while the other man will grab its hind legs; sitting flat on the ground he will put one foot a little above the hock of the lower leg, pushing the leg forward as far as he can, then he grabs the other leg, pulling it straight back with all his weight. The calf is helpless; all it can do is wiggle its tail and bawl. In a twinkling it is all over, the calf is turned loose to find its mother, a little the worse for wearing the brand and ear mark of its owner. The calves are all branded and turned loose, and the roundup worked. All those they wish to hold are cut out into the day herd. The ones belonging on the immediate range are given a send-off up stream, or down in the opposite direction from the one the roundup is working, so that they will not get them in the roundup next day. Thus the whole plains country was worked twice each year. The general spring roundup for the branding of the calves and throwing those that had strayed too far away, back on their own range, and the fall or beef roundup. The whole country was thoroughly worked, from the Rio Grande to the western and northern limits of the range. All mavricks were branded, for the man on whose range they were found. Any unmarked or unbranded yearling, or even older animals found still following a cow was branded the same as the cow, provided the owner was known to have a legal brand on the range. The general roundup is the most important part of the cowboy's work. Branding the calves, gathering the beeves, and at the same time keeping a watchful eye on the rustlers.

Some of the large ranges, privately owned in Texas, were divided into divisions, each division having a range boss, and men enough to properly handle the cattle. In the late sixties, before the stock yards of Chicago had reached the limits of their present capacity, the flattering reports from the mining towns of the far west tempted some of the daring pioneers, to brave the hazardous undertaking of driving their beeves through that little known country, the territories of New Mexico and Arizona, to the mining towns in the land of the Setting Sun.

Desperate bands of border outlaws were robbing and killing along the Rio Grande Grande in Texas and the Southwest.

In 1869, Mr. H. H. Campbell started from Central Texas with a bunch of beef cattle for the mining towns of California. The trail led through a wild country, overrun with rustlers and wild Indians. A common practice of the border rustlers those days was to kill the drivers of the herd and run the cattle across the line into Mexico, or wait until the cattle had been disposed of, and then kill the boss and rob him of the proceeds. Keeping under cover as much as possible, Mr. Campbell escaped the most desperate outlaws, as well as the eagle eyes of the Navajos, and delivered the herd in California. He had several thrilling escapes on his return, his only companion being a negro boy. Knowing the habits of the Indian tribes infesting the country they traveled by night and hid in daylight when in hostile Indian country.

It was customary with some, in those six-shooter days on the border, to carry their pistol on the left hip, with the butt or handle toward the front, making it necessary to reach across in front of the stomach to draw the weapon. Mr. Campbell had always practiced carrying his in the more handy position—on the right hip. This practice saved his life in a mixup with rustlers on the return trip. It was a case of the quickest on the draw. Mr. Campbell beat him to it. The reader can surmise the rest. Campbell lived to bring the proceeds from that cattle sale back to the owners, and all the way on horseback; across a wild and lawless country, infested with roving bands of Indians and the most desperate gangs of cut-throats on the border. Some of the outlaws in Texas and the Southwest, in those days, did not think any more of killing a man than a good man would of shooting a sheep-killing dog. Thousands of head of cattle were stolen and driven across the Rio Grande into Mexico, and never recovered. Often good men were shot down without cause or mercy. It was with these conditions that the pioneers of the cattle range had to contend with. Eternal vigilance was the price the cowboy had to pay for his very existence. He faced those conditions, the savages and the rustlers, without falter and without fear. Through the constant use of the six-shooter the cowboy ranger became the most expert handler of that symbol of the western frontier, probably than any other in the world. He did not fear the outlaw or the Red Man, but they feared him; they would not attack him with an even show.

Just after the Civil War, or in the early seventies, Texas and the Southwest territories were seeming helpless in the clutches of a lawless element. The rustlers and murderous bands of Comanches in their daily raids, run off whole herds of cattle and horses, often committing brutal and unprovoked murder.

The Indian raids were becoming more frequent and their outrages on the border settlements more brutal and unbearable. They seemed to think they had the few rangers guarding the frontier beaten and the United States troops bulldozed. From time to time they had been rounded up and taken back to the reservation unpunished, and they seemed to take it as a joke . The settlers had often informed the Government of the situation and threatened to take the taming of the Comanches in their own hands.

The spring of 1874 found the Indians growing more desperate. The Government at last realized that these bloodthirsty savages had to be taught a lesson. General Mckenzie was sent down there to use his own judgment in dealing with them. After viewing the situation at close range, General McKenzie concluded that the only good Indians were dead ones, and resolved to set an example, a warning to others. Arriving in the Indian country, the troops did not have long to wait. The scouts reported the Indians out on a raid, stealing and murdering. The anxious troopers took the trail of the savage renegades and after a forced march of eighty or a hundred miles they located the roving band. Surrounding them they gave battle. None escaped. They made good Indians out of the Comanches on that—their last raid—capturing a few old squaws, papooses, old bucks, and 2500 ponies. These were taken to Camp Supply, Indian Territory, where 2000 or more of the ponies were shot. A few were given to the nesters across the line in Texas, with strict caution not to let them get back into the hands of the Indians.

During this war on the renegade bands of the border, 1874 and 1875, the Frontier battalion of Texas Rangers had orders not to take any Comanche prisoners. The State of Texas and the United States Government were determined to stop their outrages.

On one of their scouting trips, Company B Texas Rangers run onto a small band of Comanches. In the skirmish with them, they killed everyone except one young squaw. They did not have the heart to shoot her, so they took her to camp at Blanco Canyon. They had to keep close watch of her day and night. One of the boys, whose duty it was to do the cooking while the cook was away for supplies, thought he would learn the wild, untutored child of nature to cook. On this day he was exxplaining by signs and Spanish, the best he could, that when the beans were soft she should put in the bacon. While the ranger was away for a moment, the dark eyes maiden found a cake of lye soap and put that and the bacon in the pot of beans. She seemed pleased with the knowledge that she had helped in the cooking of the meal for the white chief. The ranger cook was the first to taste the beans. Taking a spoonful he swallowed some, before he realized the horrid taste. He suddenly commenced to vomit, thinking he had been poisoned with some Indian concoction. It was sometime before they found out what the trouble was. The boys never let up teasing the boy cook for teaching the wild maid of the plains to cook the way of the pale-face.

They did not have long to remain in camp. Victoria's bands of Indians were killing and stealing along the border of Western Texas at that time. The captain informed the boys that they would soon get out on the scout, and must obey orders. They realized that meant death to the captive. The Rangers were brave and fearless, yet they possessed a heart as tender as the tenderest angels of mercy. They dreaded the task of executing the untamed child of the plains. They realized that if she had had the benefit of an education and the proper training she would have made a fine specimen of young womanhood. They thought she had a sprinkling of white blood in her veins, that made it doubly hard for the rangers to carry out what they felt was a shameful duty. They were determined to make the task as light as possible, so they tossed up, heads or tails, to see who would shoot her. The job fell to a young ranger, whose parents had been cruelly murdered by the Comanches, whom they called Crook, because he walked crooked on his boots. Ever since the murder of his father and mother he had longed for revenge. He was too manly though to wish to take it out on the now helpless maiden. These boys had fought the wild Indian and the desperate border outlaws, and had never known defeat, yet they were not the hardened, heartless kind that could look the helpless in the eye and shoot them down. They felt that the execution of the captive was part of a duty they had pledged themselves to perform. They decided to let Fates ride the pack pony to water and make it easy for Crook to do the rest..

They called her "Fates" after the three sisters, daughters of night in Greek Mythology, whom Jupiter permitted to decide the duration of mortal life.

The sun was siking behind the low hills in the west; it was time to take the saddle ponies to water. The water hole was down the canyon about a half mile. The trail led along a perpendicular wall rising twenty or thirty feet above the bed of the canyon, and just as the sun cast its last sweet rays over the silent prairie, the lariat was loosened from the neck of the pack pony and it was explained to Fates that she should ride it to water. She sprang on the back of the pony with the agility of a panther. She was in her element horseback; down the trail she flew like the winged phantoms of old, followed by Crook. As she was riding near the edge of the precipice a shot rang out, echoed down the canyon and across the distant plains. Fates tumbled from the pony a good Indian. Victoria band of Comanches were afterwards captured. That campaign of General McKenzie and the Texas Rangers was the most effective war ever waged against a tribe of Indians in America. The remnant Comanches have ever since been good Indians. The only sad part of that war was the execution of the Indian maiden of Blanco Canyon.

The subjugation of the Comanches did not clear the border cattle range of renegade Indians and rustlers. The rustlers were growing bolder and their depredations more frequent. Before passing the subject of Indian depredations and savage outlawry imposed on the settlers along the border, fearing some may think poor lo had been abused, I will mention one other incident that happened in Western Kansas, then on the fringe of civilization. Just after the costly wars with the Sioux in Minnesota, in 1863-1866, the government decided to remove them from the state. The reservation in Minnesota was broken up and the band removed to a reservation in Dakota and Pine Ridge, Nebraska.

Occupying the reservation at Pine Ridge were a tribe called the Northern Cheyennes, who were nothing more than a Sioux. The tribes at Pine Ridge, as well as those in Dakota, soon manifested uneasiness, and roving bands were scattered over the country, robbing and committing other depredations on the settlers. Subsequently some of the band was removed to a reservation in the Indian Territory. They were never satisfied there, and from time to time had broken away and wandered back North, plundering the settlements on their way. The country a little west of where Larned, Kansas, now stands, began to settle up, having children enough in the settlement to pay to hire a teacher. A schoolhouse was built, and the school was taught by a young lady teacher from the East. In the meantime the Cheyennes had been taken back to the Indian Territory by the United States Troops unpunished, as the Government always dealt leniently with the Indians. In the spring of 1875, the Cheyennes broke through the guard line, and before the troops at Camp Supply were aware of it, had crossed the line into Kansas. They followed the cattle trail. At times they veered East to the line of scattering settlements to stead provisions or anything of use to them. On one of those raids to the East of the trail they passed the schoolhouse, and seeing the unprotected and helpless condition of the school teacher, they took her from the presence of the terrified children, and some of the bucks committed an outrage, too horrible to mention. A few hours after the Indians had passed on a cowpuncher chanced by following their trail, to ascertain if any depredations had been committed. Learning what had happened to the young and helpless girl, the red blood began to tingle in his manly veins. If anything will make a real cowpuncher fight it is the abuse of a woman.

This young cowboy was not long in organizing a company of cowpunchers and they started on the trail of the Indians, determined to teach them a lesson. There were only a few Winchester rifles in the outfit, but all had Colt .45 six-shooters and a belt full of cartridges, and could use them with deadly effect. The troops at Camp Supply had taken the trail and were following close on the heels of the cowmen. The cowboy rangers having good mounts were not long in rounding up the Red devils. The Rangers had planned to ride right into them and shoot them down. After the first skirmish with the stragglers of the band the Indians, seeing who was after them, surrendered.

The scouts and trailers, the advance guards of the troops, came up at that time and the Indians were turned over to them to be taken back to the reservation. Some time afterwards they were taken back to Pine Ridge Agency.

I learned afterwards that the poor school teacher took the first train from the nearest station for the East, remarking that she had seen enough of the Indians.

From that date to the present, the Northern tribes of Indians have had more respect for the cowboys. In those days thousands of buffalo and antelope still roames over the plains, lying between the border line of civilization and the Rocky Mountains. This vast, unknown land of romance and adventure furnished the richest free grass range in the West. The cattle naturally followed the trail of the buffalo. When the vacant spaces were well taken up in Texas, the cattle rancher slowly moved his herds to the North, narrowing the limits of the buffalo range—the hunting grounds of the Indians. Coming into closer contact with the Indians, the cattle men endeavored to live on friendly terms with the wandering nomad of the plains. The leniency with which the ranger always dealt with him was often misconstrued by the ignorant savages, who made little effort to "savy" (understand) the white man. Their unreasonable demands and uncalled for abuses of the Pioneers of the trail was the cause of their being pushed back beyond the confines of civilization.

In the late seventies the Indian Territory, the home of the five civilized tribes, was a beautiful country. Its rolling, grassy prairies, untouched excxept by the passing trail herds and the few cattle ranchers that secured the right from some of the Indian Chiefs to graze their herds there. The Indians made no effort to stock the range or till the soil where on every hand was seen the unbounded display of lavish Nature, where the flowing streams were marked by the winding green ribbons of willows and cottonwoods and at intervals a little cabin surrounded by a ramshackle fence of poles, the semblance of a corral, this was the home of one of the Native Sons of America, who as yet had not learned to make use of his wonderful inheritance.

Passing through Pauls Valley, Indian Territory, in the spring of 1879, I thought it the most beautiful country I had yet discovered. Hundreds of acres of waving corn in that fertile valley of the Washita, was a beautiful sight to see. Then even in that wonderfully fertile country farms were few, the Indians were not agriculturists.

The Pioneer, John Paul, emigrated from the pine forests of North Carolina in the early fifties, married a Chickasaw squaw and took possession of the beautiful valley that bears his name. He made good use of his friendly relationship with the Indians in securing their willing cooperation in planting and cultivating the valley to corn. A few years previous the ranchers in Northern Texas had, owing to draught, made a complete failure in crops, and were forced to haul corn from Pauls Valley, paying two dollars a bushel for the privilege. Being in a position to take advantage of the opportunity made Paul a small fortune.

Miller and Green, the Pioneer Merchants, had the only store in the valley; they also dealt in cattle. The great herds of buffalo that had a few years before roamed over these grassy prairies were nearing extinction, and the Mustang herds were being thinned out and driven farther West. Hundreds of miles of these grass-covered prairies—the finest cattle range in the West—was then untouched except by the antelope and the scattered bands of Mustangs. Only a small portion of that vast range was being used by cattle men. A few outfits had made satisfactory arrangements with the Indians to graze their herds there, among them being the Day Brothers, the R-S and Colonel Mabry of the O circle outfit, and a few other cattle men who were temporarily located in the Territory at the time.

The M., K. & T. built the first Railroad into Kansas in the sixties. The Junction City Division was built during that period from Parsons to Junction City, near which is old Fort Riley, one of the early military posts of the West and the Geographical center of the United States.

It was the intention of the builders of the Katy to push the road on to Texas, but they would have to cross the Indian Territory. The government at the time was very reluctant to admit Railroads into the Territory. It was finally agreed that one Railroad, the first at the border, should be permitted to cross—The Katy was the Victor.

The Secretary of the Interior, Cox, reported to the President that the road had reached the Northern boundary of the Indian Territory in the valley of the Neosho river on the 6th day of June, 1870. The Secretary of the Interior recommended that this Railroad be granted the right to build through the Territory. President Grant approved the recommendation on June 20th, 1870. The work of extending the track was pushed on. Just fifty-two years ago the first Railroad touched the soil of the unsettled country inhabited only by Indians and a few cowboys, where the Buffalo and herds of wild horses roamed over the plains, and Antelope and smaller game was plentiful. The Kansas City, Fort Scott and Gulf Railroad was a close second to the Katy, and was nearing the boundary near the little hamlet of Baxter Springs, Kansas, where it halted for several years. The coming of the Railroad to these border towns of Kansas opened up better markets for the Texas cattle men. The trail herds to the North increased. For several years Abilene was the end of the trail. The end of the war between the States was five years past. That war had meant horrors untold to Missouri and Kansas.

The border Raiders in the scuffling between Northern and Southern partisans, between guerrillas, jayhawkers, redleggers and border ruffians of all classes and affiliations. The more peaceable folk were knocked down, their homes burned, their farms devastated and even their kinspeople killed, outraged and maimed before their eyes. Quantrell's guerillas who swept the land like a pestilence had been merged into the outlaw James gang, which for sixteen years took its living from the public at the point of a six shooter. They had been schooled with the Youngers and Jayhawkers and was said to have been with Quantrill at the sacking and burning of Lawrence, Kansas, in 1863. Then there was no established seats of government in the Territory and the Indian Nations had long been the rendezvous for some of the lowest, filthfest bands of outlaws in the West. Working in North West Texas, New Meico and the Indian Nations. Herds of cattle and horses were driven off in broad open daylight and they got away with them. Sam Bass and gang stole several hundred head of cattle in one herd, drove them over the trail to Custer City, Montana, disposed of them. On their way back to Texas robbed a Union Pacific train, and boldly rode back into Texas to spend their stolen gold. Billy, the kid, one of the most dangerous outlaws that ever harassed the border, stole one thousand or fifteen hundred LX cattle, drove them over the Goodnight trail to New Mexico and disposed of them to Old Chisholm, owner of the lightning rod brand. The kid was the hired gun man of Chisholm during the famous Lincoln County War. This war originated between the sheep men and the cattle men. It seems the cattle men had the right to the range by priority, the sheep men were determined to graze their sheep over the ranges of the cattle men, and as cattl will not graze where sheep are kept for any length of time, the war resulted. Chisholm with his gang of rustlers carried it to war. The first man the kid killed at the request of Chisholm was a Black Smith, whom the kid had nothing against but Chisholm had some little trouble with and wanted him out of the way. I, the writer, never was personally acquainted with Chisholm, I was working in Montana at the time the Lincoln County War was raging. I received this information from boys that were working on the range in

Colorado and New Mexico at the time, came to Montana over the trail fresh from the scenes of the war. These boys were of the real old cowboy stock that stood for right all the time. They said Chisholm was a bad actor. He died, I believe, with a loathsome disease at Hot Springs, Arkansaw, a few years afterwards. The kid was said to have been a little weak minded, for that reason, he was feared. He would not wait for a cause to murder, he murdered without a cause. He was killed at the Maxwell ranch, New Mexico, by Pat. Garrett, then sheriff of Lincoln County. The kid was a friend to the Maxwells or some of the boys at the ranch. It was planned or made known to Garrett that Billy would stay there at the ranch on a certain night and would sleep with one of the boys. After dark Garrett, with two deputies, went to the ranch. They found that the kid had not arrived. The deputies lay down flat on the ground a little away from the trail that led into the house, Garrett went in and got in bed with the boy the kid was to sleep with, after everything was still and quiet the boy outlaw came. He saw through the dim starlight some unusual object lying on the ground near the trail. He entered the cabin quickly and as he approached the bed in the darkness asked in the language of the Mexican of the man in bed, what is that out there on the ground? As he was then near the bed that gave Garrett his chance to locate him. He raised his six-shooter and fired, the bullet pierced the heart of the hunted kid outlaw, he dropped dead in his tracks. Thus ended the wild life of the most dreaded kid outlaw that ever terrorized the border lands of the West. Prior to that Sam Bass and gang, encouraged by the success of their daring exploits with their loot, rode back into Texas.

In the fight with Rangers on Indian Creek, Arkansaw Johnson, the most desperate of the gang, was killed. Sam Bass was afterwards killed at Round Rock, Texas. Six out of eight comprising the gang was killed. Jackson and Underwood made their escape. The James boys and the Youngers, the terror of Missouri and Kansas, was still at large in the land. Their names was synonymous of every thing bad and have been made the heroes of more dime novels than all the rest of the bad men of the old Frontier. The Range cattle men were not in hiding during these stirring times in the range country. They were seeking and planning every day how to rid the country of that great menace to the range stock industry and a hindrance to progress and peaceful settlement of the West. The Rustler; horse stealing was of every day occurrence. They could drive horses seventy-five or a hundred miles in a single night, thereby reducing the chances of arrest, while cattle were slow moving and where the raid was detected in time could be more easily overtaken and recovered. In February, 1877, at Graham, Young County, Texas, the Cattle Raisers Association of Texas was organized for the mutual protection of the cattle men. Then and there was sounded the death knell to the Rustler and the border outlaws that for a time seemed to have the country at their mercy. In the late seventies Northern Texas was a hot bed of cattle rustlers, horse thieves and bad men from everywhere. The Counties bordering on Red River, the dividing line between Texas and the Indian Nations, was the haunted grounds of these outlaws. Then there was no white settlements in the Indian Territory and officers of the law were few and far between. These fugitives would sell or give the Indians whiskey and stolen ponies, thereby securing their friendship and protection. At one time thousands of horses grazed over the unfenced ranges of these Northern Counties and were constantly preyed upon by the lawless bands of renegades whose haven was the Indian Nation. They would run their stolen stock across the nation to Arkansaw of Missouri, dispose of it and come for more. The name of Smith Lipscomb, sheriff, and his brave deputy, Tom Ragsdale, of Fannin County, Texas, struck terror to the rustlers. They captured or killed more bad men than all the rest of the officers of the law in Northern Texas in those days. The notorious Johnson gang that had terrorized the ranchers for several years were trailed across the Indian Territory to Missouri to their rendezvous. The gang consisted of three boys, grown men, and the Old man. The Old man and two of the boys were killed, the other boy wounded, died in Bonham jail from his wounds. Jim Ragsdale, Tom's brother, one of the deputies, was killed in that fight. The names of Lipscomb and Tom Ragsdale should by right be immortalized on the pages of Texas history for the part they played and the sacrifices they made in helping to rid Northern Texas, especially Fannin County, of the lawless element. They made the triail of the rustlers scarce in Fannin County. They made the budding crop of young, would-be rustlers, see that it was safest to be honest, and that the bravest, most fearless men in the world were men who believed in right and justice and would if necessary spill their last drop of blood in defense of those principles so characteristic of pioneers of the cattle range.

The Cattle Raisers' Association was born of long suffering and the late seventies or about 1879 found them leagued with the officers of the law and all the best element in the land in one determined body to rid the country of that menace, the rustler. The cattle and horse thieves had become so bold that no man's stock was safe on the free open range. They resorted to every trick known to the rustler. They would run a cow in the bog, leave her there to die and brand the calf in their own brand. Often where a brand was dim they would brand over it, add another letter, and claim the animal. The range was full of sleepers. A sleeper was a yearling or cow or any animal wearing a brand that none of the cowboys knew or anyone would own. But every cowboy on the range that was at all familiar with the brands knew it was a sleeper. Someone starting a brand that did not own a cow on the range. When it become too hot for them in a certain locality they would run their stolen stock oved to another part of the range where they had friends that had a brand started, dispose of them, counter brand them and put their brand on them and everything was O. K.

There were a few outfits in Texas that employed that kind of men. The Millett outfit and Old Chisholm of New Mexico were said to be of that class of men. By 1882 the Cattle Men's Association was thoroughly organized and effective from the Rio Grande to the Northern limits of the range, with headquarters for the different localities at San Antonio, Fort Worth, Denver, Cheyenne and Helena, Montana. Every company and individual brand belonging to the association was recorded by the recorder, on which side the ear mark, location of the range and Post Office address.

A brand book was issued giving every legal brand on the range, ear mark, range names of the owners, Post Office address. These brand books were placed in the hands of every round-up foreman. Some outfits supplied every man on their range with one, making it easy to find the owner of strays.

An inspector paid by the association was stationed at all stopping places enroute to market, where the cattle were unloaded for feed and water, at at the various stock yards at all the great central markets. Every one of these inspectors carried the brand book. On finding a stray among a train load of cattle each inspector through whose station it passed would make a note of it, keeping a record of it, and referring to the brand book, would find the owner. They would then inform the inspector at their destination at the stock yard to which they were consigned. He would also keep a record of it and request the Commission Merchant to send check for said stray to its rightful owner, giving name and address.

Inspectors were stationed at various places along the trail that led from the great breeding grounds of Texas to the maturing grounds of the North West. All herds passing over the trail were closely inspected, strays not having the road brand of the owners of the herd were cut out and left on the range to drift back to its range or to be caught in the round-up. The association established a fund for paying rewards for the arrest and conviction of cattle and horse thieves, with the willing co-operation of the cattle men, with the officers of the law. The army of honest cowpunchers, aided by the inspectors, sounded the death knell to the rustler. That terror of the border was doomed. He could see his sun was setting. He had to change his occupation or seek other fields to exploit. While the Younger and James gang were never much on cattle and horse stealing as long as they were at large, it encouraged others of that cult to take the trail of the rustler. The Younger and James gang were split up and demoralized at Northfield, Minnesota. In that, their last drama, the actors were Jess and Frank James, Cole, Jim and Bob Younger, Bill Chadwell, Charlie Pitts and Clell Miller. All the Youngers were wounded but got to their horses and escaped to the brush. Miller and Chadwell were killed in the fight at the Bank in Northfield. The James boys made their escape. A few days later the other outlaws were captured and Pitts killed. The Youngers were tried, pleaded guilty of murder and were sentenced to life imprisonment in the Stillwater penitentiary. Here in 1889 Bob Younger died of consumption, Cole and Jim having been model prisoners, were pardoned in 1901. Soon after, Jim committed suicide. Cole died within the last few years.

The James boys remained in hiding for some time after the Northfield affair. Three years later turned up in Missouri at their old game, confining their depredations principally to train holdups. So bold did they become that a reward of thirty thousand dollars was offered for their capture dead or alive. Bob Ford, a cousin of theirs, entered into a compact with Governor Crittenden of Missouri, to rid the country of Jess James. He won the confidence of the latter and on April 3, 1882, shot and killed Jess while he stood unarmed on a chair dusting a picture, with his back to Ford Ford was convicted of murder but was pardoned by the Governor the day following his sentence to be hanged. He was afterwards shot and killed in Creed, Colorado. Frank James the last of the outlaw gang, surrendered to Governor Crittenden in October, 1882. As no one was found who could identify him, he was given his freedom. In 1885 he married a daughter of a respected Missouri farmer and led an exemplary life thereafter. Frank died of apoplexy at his farm near Excelsior Springs, Missouri, Feb. 18, 1915. Thus passed out the most notorious gang of outlaws that ever haunted the West.

The breaking up of the James and Younger gangs, the killing of Jess James in 1882, found the old enmity that had so long smoldered beneath the surface in Kansas fast disappearing and Kansas was beginning to show signs of the ear mark of civilization.

The beneficial results from the Cattle Men's Association was soon manifest. The days when two men could claim the same brand, one with flying W on the jaw or one on the right side of the animal the other on the left side. Those old days of haphazard branding has long since passed. Each and every man's brand is registered and he has the right to put it on any part of the animal he chooses. No one has a right to use a brand that is registered in the name of another. That law among the cattlemen, now made a law by many of the western states, did away with a great deal of confusion and misunderstanding.

THE END OF THE CATTLE TRAIL

THE PIONEERS OF MONTANA

FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

The great migration over the cattle trail to the maturing grounds of the North was just beginning. The Territories of Wyoming, Montana and Dakota was a veritable wilderness. The rich grasses of mountains valleys, plains and mesas furnished abundant pasture for thousands of Buffalo, Elk(Antelope and Rocky Mountain Sheep. And was the home of Grey Wolf, Bear and Mountain Lion. The story of the early days of the pioneer cattlemen of Montana, filled with all the thrills daring romance and adventure of the Pathfinders, there is none more conspicuous than that of Conrad Kohrs, whose early venture in the cattle business was given me by Captain Harmon at the time, 1884 owner of the 22 brand of cattle range on the head of little Beaver Creek, Montana. The Captain was an old Missouri River Steam Boat Captain that ran up the river, carrying supplies to Fort Benton and other outposts when Fort Benton and Assinnaboine were the Government outposts of the Northwest. He would load with supplies for Fort Buford, Benton and other trading camps along the rived. Would load on his return trip with Buffalo robes and other skins secured from the Indians. In 1879 or '80 the Captain disposed of his river boat, married a half breed Sioux Indian and settled on a branch of Little Beaver in the beautiful Lodge Pole Pine Country of Montana.

This story, he said, came direct from that Old Pioneer. Mr. Kohrs himself, who said the Deed Lodge Valley was the cradle of the live stock industry of Montana, when I first saw it a beautiful stretch of bunch grass country. The grass waved like a huge field of grain. The occupants of the valley were mostly French Canadians, with a few Americans. The number of cattle in the valley at the time of 1867 were between three and four thousand head. John Grant, a quadroon Indian, had twelve or fifteen hundred head. Louis De Mar, Leon Queral, Dave Contway, John Decheneau, R. Dempsey and Granville Stewart, John Paul and Fred Burr each had two hundred head, some a few more. Tom LaVate and a few other Mexicans were the owners of probably two hundred and

fifty head each. These men were the pioneer cattle ranche
of Montana.

The first cattle in the Territory were located on Beav
head about one hundred miles from the present seat of De
Lodge. Brought in during the Mormon War, 1857-18
About that time Capt. Grant moved to Old Hell Gate, abo
five miles below the present site of Missoula. There we
also many cattle in the Bitter Root Valley, owned mainly
French Canadians and half breeds. These cattle had co
from Oregon and showed an infusion of the old Spanish sto
In relating the early adventures of that old pioneer, Conr
Kohrs, of that romantic period, who with three other bo
hired to a man named Sickler, who was just starting to Ca
fornia with a bunch of horses over the overland trail. T
outfit left Davenport April 8, 1862, over muddy roads
Omaha, then to Grand Island, Nebraska, reaching the Nor
Platte we found the feed good. Western migration was hea
that spring, congesting travel at the Green Big Sandy a
Little Sandy Rivers, causing considerable delay in crossin
We reached Salt Lake in June with the horses in excelle
condition. There I had a disagreemtn with Sickler and qu
his outfiit to join one from Denver, headed for the new mi
ing camps at Elk City and Florence, Idaho, where a stampe
was then in progress. We encountered many obstacles. T
Ferry Cable at Snake River had broken, but we got acro
that stream and endeavored to cross the mountains by way
Lemhi. This proved impossible, many emigrant wagons we
wrecked in the effort. Finally John Jacobs, an old mou
taineer, piloted us by way of the Deer Lodge Valley and t
Old Military road to Elk City and Florence. Arriving in t
Deer Lodge Valley we found gold had been discovered
Gold Creek, but the prospect proved less alluring than e
pected. The trip had been long and our money was gon
provisions could not be obtained at any price, and the cam
were crowded with prospectors. For a time we subsisted
trout. Finally I met a Henry Crawford, who wanted to sta
a butcher shop in East Bannock on Grasshopper Creek. H
offered me twenty-five dollars a month and board. After li
ing on an enforced fish diet several weeks, this looked goo
Crawford and I went to what is now Deer Lodge and pu
chased some cattle from Tom LaVate and he gave me t

task of driving them through to Bannock afoot, as he had no horses. Being young and full of ginger I assented. LaVate started me on the road but my little herd got mixed with other cattle on the trail and but for the assistance from a Doctor Glick, who left me in charge of his saddle bags while he cut out my cattle, I might have lost them. I had nothing to eat but a little pemmicon and dared not stop over night for fear of losing the cattle so I made but one stop until reaching Bannock, a distance of 120 miles.

For a while I worked for Crawford at Bannock but he was quarrelsome and became involved in an altercation with a man named Plummer, who was afterwards leader of an outlaw gang. Crawford splintered Plummer's arm in a six-shooter duel and had to flee the country at night to escape vengeance at the hands of other highwaymen. Having no money I was unable to continue business. My first experience on my own account was the purchase of some poor work cattle that came from Minnesota with the Dumphy and Bently outfit. I bought them on time, drove them to Deer Lodge, trading for fat steers when opportunity afforded. I succeeded in making a little on them. When a man from California brought to Deer Lodge twenty-five fine steers, with the assistance of the miners, I secured gold dust enough to buy the outfit and sent them to Grasshopper Creek to graze, in charge of a man named McDonald. Three days later I received word that the Indians had cleaned up the entire valley of cattle and horses. That again left me without a cent and in debt. Once more I went to the miners and with their assistance bought more cattle at Deer Lodge. On these I made some money in the butcher business. Meanwhile the miners scattered to other camps, leaving me unable to collect bills and continue business. I moved to Virginia City and engaged in the butcher business with a George Gunn of Colorado. We started a shop in a brush shanty with only a butcher's bench and some meat hooks. Our business fast expanded. In 1864 they had considerable trouble with cattle thieves and highwaymen who actually dominated the country at that time, though the years of 1863 and '64 were prosperous. Cattle were fat and yielded large quantities of tallow. We butchered during the day and made candles at night.

The roads to the mining towns were poor and easily blockaded those days. The miners being short on candles, we received as high as fifty cents per pound for them. By the close of 1864 Mr. Kohrs was out of debt and had sufficient capital to purchase about three hundred head of poor work cattle, which were offered at auction by immigrants on Sunday in Virginia City. These were sent to Deer Lodge Valley. He was able to buy many small herds of cattle and supply other buyers. In 1864 snow fell early, shutting off supplies from Salt Lake City. That winter Helena and other mining camps were opened and beef became very scarce.

Mr. Kohrs borrowed some money and scoured the country for cattle. By spring had cleaned up about twnety-five thousand dollars. The following year continued this policy, practically controlling the trade of the mining camps. Finally bought out the interests of his partner, paying him with a seventeen thousand five hundred dollar bar of gold. In August, 1866, he bought out a man by the name of Grant of Deer Lodge, whose herd consisted of about three hundred and sixty-five head at the time. This was Mr. Kohrs' first adventure in the breeding business. The winter of 1866-67 was long and hard in the Deer Lodge Valley. In the fall of 1867 Mr. Kohrs went to Denver, formed a partnership with Joe Bell and Capt. Roberts to handle Texas cattle. The Railroad was then operated as far as Cheyenne. By 1871 the Deer Lodge Valley had become so crowded that Kohrs moved his herd into the Sun River Country. They were mostly she stock and this venture marked the first invasion of the Northern Indian Country by cattlemen. In 1870-71 Dan Floweree brought the first Texas cattle into the Sun River Country. About the same time Sam Hall and a man named Mathews brought in some Texas cattle. Before the invasion of Texas cattle the Montana stock was mainly the progeny of stock picked up from immigrants migrating to the West over that great California and Oregon trail, over which passed the greatest migration in history for so great a distance as this, over two thousand miles' stretch of unknown country from the Missouri River to the Pacific coast.

The rapid expansion and filling up of the open spaces of the Southern ranges, made the Southern ranchmen realize that they must seek an outlet for their steer cattle. Texas was producing more cattle than they could carry through to profitable maturity. By driving their yearling steers to the free ranges of the North, they were enabled to keep she stock to the full capacity of the range. A yearling steer put on the Northern range, doubled or trebled, wintered at four years old, would weigh 200 pounds more than a Texas raised four years old, and would bring from 1 to 2½ cents per pound more on the Chicago market. The nutritious bunch and Buffalo grasses of Montana, Wyoming and Dakota ranges put on more fat, thereby producing a better class of beef than the depleted ranges of Texas could produce. Offering another inducement to the Southern cattlemen for driving their yearling steers to what was then in 1879 fast becoming the great maturing grounds of the north. In 1879 the great drive was started to the open ranges of Wyoming and Montana, and thousands of Texas cattle were driven to the Tongue and Powder River country. Then the stars of Wyoming, Montana and Dakota had never been added to our flag. They were yet Territories, and their vast unoccupied domain was free government land. The first to take possession held his range under that old unwritten law among the pioneers of the range. Each one recognized the rights of the other. The boundary of their ranges would be marked by some creek, river or butte. That was all that was necessary. They could hold it until the homesteader came. Often one company range would comprise a territory three or four hundred miles long by two hundred or more miles wide. Some of the range men that were first to locate on the northern ranges were among the pioneers that helped to drive the red man and buffalo from the plains of the Southwest. Just before the ranges of the Northwest began to attract the attention of the Southern rancher, when the Placer Mines of California were on the wane, and the great stampede had drifted on to the Fraser River country in British Columbia. Recoiling, the stampede worked back along the old Oregon trail and the rich placer fields of Alder Gulch and Virginia City, Montana, were discovered. These mining towns opened up the first market in the northwest to attract the attention of that rugged pioneer that came West with the bull teams and settled in the fertile valleys, and kept a few cattle to supply the increasing demand of the mining towns, when a four-year-old steer would bring $100, and a common cow $75. The names of some of those pioneers have been previously mentioned in this narrative. The rolling grassy prairies of the eastern half of Montana and the western half of Dakota, lying just outside of the mineral region, the last hunting grounds of the Sioux, Cheyenne and Crow Indians, where the last of the great buffalo herd grazed, and the mournful howl of the Lobo wolf is still heard.

There in the land by the end of the trail.

Many of the pioneer cattlemen of eastern Montana, western Dakota, and Wyoming were the old pioneers of the Texas range. Driving their young cattle to these maturing grounds. Those old trail drivers were the men that put Dodge City and Cheyenne on the map. After locating their ranges and establishing their ranch, the trail herds pushed on north. In those days there was no mining in Wyoming and Cheyenne was soon known as the range cattle metropolis of the West. To the Easterner the name Cheyenne suggested long-haired cowboys wearing wooly pants, six-shooters, bell spurs and bowie knives.

The Wyoming Stock Growers' Association's headquarters was at Cheyenne and every business belonging to a typical town of the border cow lands flourished.

UP THE TRAIL IN 1883

In March, 1883, I left San Antonio with Till Driscoll for Lytle's pasture on the Rio Hondo. The outfit consisted of myself, Henry Jones, Bige O'Neal, Jim Keen, and Tom Cronan, a negro cook and Till Driscoll, the boss. We were to round up the horses in the pasture, and break them in for the trail. We camped about ten days in the pasture getting our mounts ready. Till made several trips to Pearsall, while we were camped there. One night he came back with a knot on his cranium. Someone had hit him over the head with the butt end of a billiard cue. He swore about that all the way up the trail. We had lots of fun breaking horses. The pasture was covered with mesquite brush, and was the home of many droves of Avalina or Musk hogs, foxes, and deer, and every morning we could hear the gobble of that grand old bird in the distant forest.

THE END OF THE CATTLE TRAIL

The ranchers had been notified of our coming as Mr. Lytle had contracted for the cattle for Schreiner and Lytle. Most of them had the cattle rounded up already to put the road brand, S. L., on them. We were to gather through Medina, Kerr, Llano, Sansaba, and Brown counties. These counties are covered with brush, mostly mesquite, with patches of prairie, an ideal home for the wild long horn. The first bunch we received, about three hundred head in Medina County. Zack Tucker came to the outfit that evening to help us out of the brush with the first bunch. Most of them were milk pen yearlings, the most difficult animals in the shape of cattle to handle, more especially in the brush. Tucker brought with him a couple of bull eye lanterns to light the doggies to bed. That night we found a beautiful little strip of prairie to bed on, the brush close up all around. Tucker loaned Till one of his jack lanterns. The nights were a little cool that early in the spring, and Zack had on an old army overcoat, and kept his light hid under the coat. It was a rather dark, starlit night and every thing quiet, looked good for the first night. About ten o'clock Tucker pulled his light on the dogies, and I believe yet, that every one of them rose up at the same time, and each took a different course for the brush. I turned them, and as they swung round they met Tucker with his flashlight, and we pointed them straight for the brush. They split in two, and about half of them made for the brush in the other direction. Driscoll and the other boys were with the drag end, and I and Tucker with the leaders. After they once got in the brush I knew all we could do was to follow them by the sound or noise. I rode about a hundred yards in the brush, stopped and sat perfectly still on my pony, and listened. I could hear the dogies, trailing through the brush, but not a sound could I hear from Tucker. I followed the bawling yearlings about two miles until we came out on a patch of open prairie, there I rounded them up. I gave them a lively ginning, for awhile, then bunched them close up and rode away from them, to let them spread out. I kept riding around them, and after a little while they laid down. I had about a hundred head next morning. Driscoll thought it best to let the bunch they were with go and get them in daylight at the corral, where we received them. By the time we got back to the ranch the natives had them rounded up and in the corral. And right there was the first time I ever saw a cowgirl in action. One of the rancher's daughters mounted on a good cow pony, had helped to round up the cattle, and get them into the corral. We separated most of them with the road brand on them. There were some following the mother cow yet, and they were a little hard to separate from the cow. The girl took down her rieta and went after them. She dragged them from the corral, faster than three men could turn them loose. We recovered all the lost yearlings, and hit the trail for Llano. That night they were restless, but we did not lose any of them. We received several head from Tom Moore in Llano, J. R. P. brand, and

MAKING HIM "PULL LEATHER."
A cowboy hates to have to grab the saddle horn to stay on, but often has to do so, and help of that sort is called "Pulling Leather"

some from Peteus Brothers. Driscoll hired three men there, Ben and Dick Stubbs, and Wild Bill, we called the other man. Till hired Jack Seruyse from Coleman; Dock Lorance from Cleburn, and Mose Howard, making twelve men in the outfit, counting the boss.

When we reached Brady, out of the brush, Till let Wild Bill go, and placed me with the remuda. Mr. Lytle met us at Brady, and gave Driscoll his instructions to pull for Dodge City. Driscoll would not allow any of the boys to have a six-shooter, though he carried one himself. We did not like that very well, but agreed to it, and left our guns behind. Just after passing Brady, Driscoll said to us, "Now, boys, we are headed for Dodge, and I want every step these dogies take to be straight north. We crossed Red River at Doan's store. Zack Tucker was about three days' drive behind us with another S. L. herd, and Gus Black, behind him with a herd. We threw the horses in ahead of the cattle and the dogies followed. We crossed without any trouble. Everything went all right, until we reached Elk Creek. We had made camp on a slight rolling prairie where the grass was fine. We could see a dark cloud rising in the southwest. The herd was grazing toward camp a half mile away. The sun was just setting and the relief, myself and Till was eating supper, when it began to hail. I saw the horses start to run and I made a break for the chuck wagon to get my slicker, that I had foolishly left on the wagon, grabbed the first one I saw, gave it a pull, and ripped it up the back to the collar. As there was no time for argument, I slipped it on, mounted my pony and made a dash for the horses. By that time it was hailing and raining in torrents, the hail would average as large as quails' eggs, and bounce off a fellow's head like rubber balls, and the lightning was flashing in every direction. I overtook the horses and managed to hold them from running. There was the hardest storm I ever was in. It poured down in sheets until two o'clock in the morning. The first thing I knew the cattle were right behind me, horses and dogies all together. We drifted about two miles from camp, cattle and horses were bogged down all over the prairie. My pony bogged down with me a dozen times, or more, and both boots were full of water, as my slicker was split up the back. When it got daylight, some of us started back to get those that were unable to get out of the bog. We lost two dogies, the Indians had them out of the bog, and going on a run with them. Driscoll said, "Let the sons of barley corn go." We lay there for half a day to let the country dry a little, as it was soft going for the chuck wagon. We grazed them about eight or ten miles that day, and camped. Next day we had a visit from that pox-marked Chief and his band of Kiowas. We called him Sitting Owl. He wanted some of the biggest two-year-olds we had, for driving across his country. Driscoll offered him one yearling that was a little lame, but he would not have that, he wanted two, two-year-olds, the leaders of the herd. He rode close up to Driscoll and made a grab for his six-shooter. Driscoll got a hold of it first and the buck pulled his old army gun on him, shoved a cartridge in, that looked about six inches long, pointed his seige gun at Till full cocked. He saw his bluff didn't work and agreed to compromise for two dogies. Driscoll gave him two small dogies and they went away in a rather bad mood. Next day the same Indians overtook us. "Sitting Owl" acted like a bad Indian and it was a good thing that the boys did not have their artillery with them. Driscoll gave them a yearling. Just then "Sitting Owl" put both hands over his eyes and looking back on the trail pointed to some object in the distance. His "Braves" huddled closer together and gazed for a moment at the moving object. Then a short "pow-wow." They had discovered new game. Tucker's herd was showing up as it crossed the high spots on the rolling prairie. The spring of the year when the herds were crossing the Indian Nations on their long trail to the North, was to the Kiowas their cherished harvest. They could not afford to miss a single deal so they left us to exploit the herd in the rear. They raised "hell" with Tucker's outfit. I think they got away with four or five dogies, shot the only cow he had down in the herd and hit one of the boys over the head with a quirt. Tucker denied to Driscoll that they got any money from him. It is a known fact that they did get money from a great many of the trail Bosses that year. They ran a big bluff over some of them and robbed them of all the cash they had. That was the last time I ever saw the pox-marked chief. He was killed in 1885 by one of the Rodger Boys coming up the trail with a bunch of horses. There was never much trouble with the Indians in the Indian Territory afterwards.

The Indian Territory was then exclusively an Indian country. The vast rolling prairies covered with luxuriant grasses, with flowing streams of water fringed with a bushy growth of timber along the creeks. The only timber in the Territory except the Cross Timbers, a strip of timber commencing at the eastern line bordering Arkansas and extending very near half way across the Territory in a straight line from east to west, averaging about ten miles wide. Narrowing down to a few miles wide at the extreme west end. The trail crossed them near the western extremity. That strange strip of timber extending for over one hundred miles across a priarie country looked like it might have been planted by man. Just at the northern outskirts of the timbers I was in the lead with the remuda, when I flushed a flock of wild turkeys. I had often heard that a man horse back could run down a wild turkey on the open prairie, and as some of the flock flew out on the prairie straight away from the timber I resolved to try the experiment. Keeping far enough behind them that they would not fly, at the same time keeping them running. After a chase of about one mile I noticed their wings began to drop down. Urging my pony, on drawing nearer to them they attempted to fly but could only fly a few yards at best. Then I singled out the largest gobbler. After running him about 200 yards his wings began to drag. I jumped off my pony and picked him up. The next day we had a turkey dinner.

After we crossed and left behind us the storm-swept lands of the Kiowas, the herd grazed on north in peace until we crossed the line into the late battle grounds of the Jayhawkers. Driscoll would never encourage crowding the cattle off the bed grounds. He would let them remain as long as they would on the grounds and get up and graze off at their will. The result was we had few sore-footed cattle. By the time we reached the Northern line of Kansas that was the best trained herd it has ever been my good fortune to see. We had about forty head of big two-year-olds and they led the herd from Texas to the end of the trail. They were as good as a trained mule in an eight-mule team under a jerk line. They would get up and graze off the bed grounds, the pointers seeing that they always started in the right direction

CHUCK WAGON MOVING

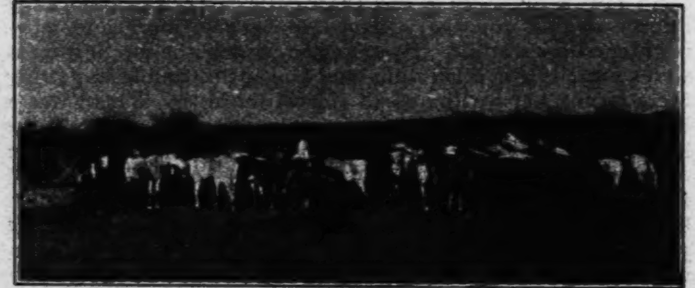
The wagon sometimes moves twice in one day, but in most pasture work is usually several days in one place. The Chuck Wagon carries the boys, beds or "Hot Rolls." What is known as a "Hoodlum" wagon goes along to carry water, wood, branding irons' tent poles, etc. The Remuda always moves with wagon.

and by the time the cook washed the tinware and was ready to pull out and would overtake them, they had their fill of grass and would hit the trail behind the wagon. I am like Old Mart, the nigger cook, who said, "I believe dem ar cattle would follow dis her' chuck wagon to de Nor' Pole or de Souf Pole, either."

Kansas was a dry, level plain as far as the eye could see. The green prairie seemed to mount to the sky. The short Buffalo grass of the plains furnished nutritious grazing for the passing trail herds.

Where a few years ago countless thousands of Buffaloes grazed over these vast stretches of unwatered plains where a bunch of Antelope in the distant mirage looked as tall as the tallest pine. Where the advancing line of the pioneer home-steader was just beginning to reach the land of the cattle trail. Where the thousands of Buffalo that roamed over the plains for centuries had tramped it so hard that the rich soil would not retain the moisture and the advance guard of the home-steader was foredoomed to failure. Where the squatter settled on or near the cattle trail to exact pay from the Boss of the trail herds. In the land where they never failed to charge the cattle men for driving over their newly acquired landed possessions. These Jayhawkers were worse than the Indians in the Indian Nations.

One beautiful morning just as Old Sol was taking his first morning peep at the silvered landscape over the Eastern horizon the leaders had grazed over a slight raise in the prairie, when suddenly we heard the barking of dogs and the cattle came running back over the little incline. We were eating breakfast, but every man was on his horse in a minute. Just as we reached the crest of the hill we met an animal that I had often heard of, but was convinced then and there that I had never before seen, a full-fledged, regular old-timer, dyed in the wool, blue-bellied Jayhawker. He was running after the cattle, waving his hat and sicking the dogs, sic, sic, sic. Driscoll rode up to him and said, "What the 'hell' are you doing? Call them dogs back or I will kill them." "You killed my dogs, damn you sons of bitches. I fought you sons of bitches during the war and I will fight you again. You keep your damn cattle off my corn patch." Driscoll said, "Look here, old man, you modify your language a little. We don't call men by that name where we came from unless we want to fight." "I call you by your right names, you sons of bitches." Driscoll rode up to him and cracked him about three jerks over the head with his quirt. The old man scratched his head and hollowed to his little boy, who was standing off about twenty-five yards taking it all in. "Johnnie run down in the corn patch and bring me that Spencer rifle." The boy was gone about ten minutes, came back with a little single-barrelled shotgun and handed it to the old man. Driscoll said, "Keep the muzzle of that down, please." "Oh, I am not going to shoot you with this gun." "Johnnie, why didn't you bring me the Spencer?" he said to the boy. "I am going to Buffalo and have this herd stopped until you pay me for the damage you have done." "How much damage have I done you altogether," said Till, "for hitting you over the head and the damage to your corn?" "Well, it's worth twenty-five dollars," said the old renegade. Driscoll gave him twenty-five dollars and said "I will give you twenty-five more if you will let me give you what you need." "No-i'm-dam-fidoo." While the "word war" was amusing, between the boss and that old Jayhawkr, I have ever since felt a deeper, more kindly feeling toward the younger boys. If he was a fair specimen of the men they had to deal with, God help them. I don't wonder at their taking to the road. We were then on the Solomon or Shawnee Creek; some dry creek. From there we had lightning and electrical storms plenty. A few miles south of Dodge Mr. Lytle met us. In the buggy with him was Major Towers of the Tower's and Gudgell outfit. Their range then was in Colorado and the strip on Beaver and the Cimarron River. The Major and Captain Lytle both said Driscoll's herd was in splendid condition. The two herds of Driscoll and Tucker were sold to Major Towers to be delivered on Little Missouri River, near the mouth of the Little Beaver Creek, Montana. There at Dodge three of the boys quit; Bige O'Neil, Tom Cronan and Mose Howard. Howard quit to accept a position with Dick Head as ranch Boss in New Mexico. Mose was an old trail driver and a good all-round man. From Dodge on Till had only six men with the herd. Some of these wanted to quit, having had enough of the electric storms. Driscoll mentioned the fact to Captain Lytle, who said raise their wages. We were getting thirty-five dollar per month thus far. From Dodge he raised it to forty dollars. Dock Lorance and Henry Jones were on the point, the Stubbs boys on the flank or swing, and Jim Keen and Jack Seruyse punching up the drag. I with the remuda, Mart, the negro cook, and Driscoll, composed the full crew.



REMUDA IN ROPE CORRAL.

Dodge City for twelve or fifteen years had been the distributing point where Rangers from the West and the feeders from the East would meet the trail herds from Texas for the purpose of buying cattle to re-stock their depleted ranges and their empty feed lots. Since the days when Abilene was the end of the trail, where Wild Bill Hickock's name was first flashed on the screen of the Western horizon as the double-geared lightning operator of that symbol of the Old West, the Six-shooter. Dodge City had proudly worn the crown known from the moss-covered banks of the Swanee River, to the forest-clad shores of the Columbia, and from the cactus-strewn deserts of Mexico to the blizzard-stricken shores of the Saskatchewan, as the wildest, wooliest little town of the wild and wooly West. Where the whirr of the roulette wheel was heard in the dim liamplight and red liquor was free to all who had the price. Where many a noble cowboy full of tarantular juice died with his boots on. That was Dodge. The cook had gone in to have the tire set on the wagon wheels before hitting the trail for the Little Muddy. We held the cattle on the south side of the river until the middle of the forenoon as Driscoll said he wanted them to drink for they would not get any more water until late next day. About ten o'clock they began to want to go to water. They let them drift slowly to the river. We threw the horses in ahead and the dogies followed. By the time the drags reached the river the leaders rushed back towards the south side that threw them into a mill. In a few places the river was swimming for the dogies, and they seemed to become more and more frightened for a while. By riding in among the circling mass we eventually got them quiet and had little trouble in getting them strung out for the north side of the river. There was a level mesa up the river west of the crossing where the banks looked perpendicular, with no chance for the cattle to get down to the river. We moved them up on the mesa and Driscoll sent the other boys to Dodge to get dinner, as Mart had not returned with the chuck wagon. Till said, "I and you can hold them unitl the boys get back." I drove the remuda off about a half-mile to the north, where the grass was good, and when I returned to the herd Till had let some of the dogies string out down the bank to the river and was riding to me red hot. He said, "I don't want these damned dogies to get back to the river. Some of them will cross and there is another herd on the south side." "All right," I said "we will not let them get back to the river." We soon found that there were trails where they could get down all along the banks. By the time we would get one bunch back on the table land another one would be coming down. They were soon strung along the bank for a mile. They seemed to be starving for water. Right there I did the hardest half day's work I have ever done on the back of a cow pony. Till puffed and sweat like a porpoise out of water. I killed the best pony I had in my string, Black Pete. He never was any more good. We were riding and fighting with spurs and quit when we heard some one hollow from the bank above us. "Hey there, don't you know your cattle are in my cane patch?" I looked up and saw a red-headed man on a mule with a blind bridle on. Driscoll heard him and retorted, "To hell with your cane patch. I will make it all right with you if you will help us get these dogies back on the mesa." His partner came up at that time, riding a mule bare back. They sailed at those dogies and we son had them back on the mesa and far enough back that one man could hold them. Driscoll was all in and mad as a bull hornet. I expected to see him kill the nigger when he came back. He thought the nigger was in Dodge drinking beer when he could have come out and the boys would not have had to go in to dinner. When the boys arrived about dusk we had them on the bed grounds and everything serene. I or Driscoll handn't had anything to eat since early morning and Till was still hot under the collar. The coon made camp after dark and Driscoll gave him a real old-time cussing. Mart swore he came as soon as the wagon was fixed. After we had something to eat we felt better, though the cattle were rollickly all night, for only a few drank when we crossed the Arkansas. Next morning the two squatters were at camp early, and Driscoll gave them each five dollars and they seemed satisfied, and we departed in peace for the South Platte.

Everything went well until we landed in the valley of the Platte. I believe they saw us coming for there was more mosquitoes than I had ever seen in one herd before. The cattle and horses stamped and milled all night. We built smudges out of Buffalo chips around our bed. Driscoll purchased a few supplies at Ogallala and we pulled for the North Platte. When we struck that stream we found grass some better than it was on the South Platte and not so many mosquitoes. We camped the first night just below the old crossing. One of Col. Maberry's outfits was camped up the river about a mile, and one of his men came down and said they had just killed a big fat calf and if someone would come up they would give us a quarter. I volunteered to go get it. I was riding a pony I called Old Lightning. He was about half broke and a real Spanish pony, would kick a chew of tobacco out of your mouth, strike and do everything mean.

When I arrived at the camp I found them camped close on the bank of the river where there was a perpendicular bank fifteen or twenty feet down to the water. I had bought me a new slicker at Dodge and I was never without it tied on my saddle after my experience in the storm on Elk Creek. I handed the slicker to one of the boys to put around the quarter of beef, in the meantime I had taken down my lasso rope, a Manila rope about 40 feet long, and as is customary when riding a wild horse, one end was tied around the pony's neck.

When the man started to hand me the beef, Lightning wheeled and ran. I managed to get him back near the place where the beef lay and took my bandana and blindfolded him. His tail was pointing north towards the river when the boy approached me with the beef the second time. He commenced to run backwards and some of the boys hollowed, "Look out," and I lit off on the bank just in time. Old Lightning went coslouce flat of his back in about eight feet of water. If you have read Peck's Bad Boy, and remember the picture where the boys were giving the old man the first degree in the lodge. He was down on his all-fours with the Bock beer sign on his rear, blind folded. They told him to repeat after them the words, "Bring forth your royal bumper and let him bump." Just then they turned in the Billy Goat. He saw the goat sign and gave him a biff that jarred the blind off one eye. When Old Lightning came up he reminded me of that picture. He had one eye out and puffed and spouted water like a real sea horse. I still held the end of the rope, had to lead him down the river two hundred yards, before I found a place where he could get up the bank. He was trembling like an aspen leaf. I mounted him, rode him back to the camp, pulled down the blind and Lightning stood perfectly still. The boy laid the beef up in front of me and I took it to camp. Old Lightning was a fool always, but that baptism broke him from running back. Col. Maberry had a ranch at that time on the Niobrara, the outfit was just off the roundup. It was not safe to attempt to cross the river here with the chuck wagon. Driscoll said we would have to drive seventy-five miles west up the river and cross the wagon on the Sidney Bridge. On the way up the river the trail led around a rocky bluff right over the river. At one point where the trail passed between two rocks it was so narrow that only one cow or horse could pass at one time, making it necessary to string the cattle out for miles. The wagon trail went around eight or ten miles further. I took the lead with the horses. Henry Jones rode in the lead of the herd, and they strung out single file following. I wish I had a photo of the herd passing around that rocky ledge, strung for miles along the bluff. That was a beautiful sight long to be remembered. We had a little pot-bellied dogie in the herd that was the drag yearling all the way from Llano County, Texas. The boys called him Baby Mine. The last one had passed through the narrow place and was rounding a narrow point from where the trail gradually descended to the level plain. When one of the larger dogies hooked Baby Mine, and threw him off the trail. It was a steep incline of solid rock where he left the trail, for twenty or thirty feet, then a straight drop of at least forty feet to the water. The drag driver saw him go over the precipice and said, "Good bye, Baby." They never expected to see him again. A few miles up the river near the crossing we found the wagon camped. This was a splendid place to water and good grass. We had been there three days making the drive up the river. The bridge was two or three miles above this crossing. Here I learned something about the North Platte River. It is about half a mile wide at the crossing and near the center of the stream is a deep channel that was swimming at the time, and running like the mill tails ofL——. From camp we could see some wild geese on an island near the north bank of the river. We thought it two old ones with their young brood very near grown, but not quite able to fly. I and Ben Stubbs thought we would get the young ones and have a goose dinner next day. We stripped off and waded in until we came to the channel. Stubbs plunged into it first and drifted down stream fifty or more yards before he was able to get out of it. I was in doubt about being able to swim it as I am not a strong swimmer. Stubbs landed on a rocky ledge that showed above the water on the north side of the channel for one hundred yards. He took the precaution to go to the east end of that Island, where the channel passed. I plunged in when I struck the swift current. It struck me and sent me down stream like a feather. When I passed the point of the little Island I threw up my arms and Ben caught me by one hand and pulled me out. I believed then, and believe now, if Ben Stubbs had not been standing on the point of that sand bar I would have drowned right there. Coming back I swam over-handed, the crawling stroke, and managed to get across safely. We did not get any geese. The young ones could not fly, but they could out-swim us in the swift current. Next morning the boys found Baby Mine, the high-diving yearling, in his old place in the drag of the herd, having come into the herd sometime during the night. That was one of the most remarkable happenings, from Texas to the end of the trail. Driscoll had lost one of his boys here in the North Platte by drowning in 1881 on the trial to the head of Powder River. When crossing the river next day he would not let any of the boys ride in below the cattle. He took that position himself. We crossed without mishap and drifted on North. We were now out of the level plain country. The country being a rolling prairie, with buttes and table lands covered with bunch and other nutritious grasses. Just north of the Niobrara we saw our first Buffalo, one lone bull running, going North, quite a distance away. Some of the boys had never seen one before. From here on North we saw hundreds of carcasses lying where they had been shot down, stripped of their hide except a little frontlet on the head. In silent evidence of the wasteful hide hunter. The meat was left to be devoured by wolves that were plentiful in the Buffalo country. They, like the wild Indian, took their living off the Buffalo herds before the white man's cattle invaded the hunting grounds of the Redman. From some of the high mesas we could see the snow-capped summit of Pike's Peak, looming up in the distant South West. For ages it has stood like a sentinel watching over the hunting grounds of all the tribes of the plains. From its lofty eminence the Great Chiefs a few short years ago could stand and watch the passing of his herds in countless thousands, or view with pride the young braves in their chase of the monarch of the plains.

BUFFALO ON THE HEAD OF THE LITTLE MUDDY

We were now nearing the divide from where the water runs North into the Yellowstone, thence into the Big Muddy, changing its course, it turns back South and empties into the great Father of Rivers, to at last be lost in the briny deep in the Gulf of Mexico. Crossing the divide we got our first glimpse of the Black Hills. We could plainly see the dark outline far to the East. They are covered with a heavy growth of spruce and pine, giving them a dark appearance at a distance, hence the name Black Hills. The boys changed their night song to the song of the Black Hills.

THE END OF THE CATTLE TRAIL

"Quit my occupation selling Wright's patent pills,
Gone rustling for gold in the wooly Black Hills,
Young man let me tell you, stay if you will,
Far from that City in the Wooly Black Hills,
For old Sitting Bull and old Cheyenne Bill,
Will raise up your scalp in the worry Black Hill.
Young man take this warning and stay if you can,
Far from that City well known as Cheyenne,
For old Sitting Bull and old Wallopeean are priseing up
hell 'round the town of Cheyenne."

We had crossed the Belle Fourche near the Wyoming line and were heading for the head of the Little Missouri. The Little Muddy heads in what is now Crook County, Wyoming. Then Wyoming was a territory. The counties were not organized. There is a pine ridge lying between the branches of the river. On the east side of the river is a little basin that drains the surrounding country, and forms the main branch of the Little Missouri. Here there is no semblance of a river, just a dry wash in the earth's surface. The country drains to the North, flowing into one channel forms the river. The trail led across the pine ridge and down the East branch. We were nearing the pine ridge. I was half a mile in the lead of the chuck wagon, with the remuda. The cattle were trailing a mile back when I met Driscoll. He said, "Throw the horses off to one side, let them graze." I saw a few head of Buffalo in the timber, among them a cow and calf. Tell the boys to let the cattle scatter through the timber and keep still, I think I can get a shot at the Buffalo calf. There was a thin growth of pine timber on the ridge and very little underbrush. Could ride through it without difficulty. Driscoll had a cut-off forty-five six-shoter, the best pistol made for rough usage. The cattle scattered through the timber like trained decoys, could not have done better. Driscoll crouched low on his horse, rode in among the dogies, saw the cow standing under a pine tree, the calf under her neck. Having the wind in his favor he approached within twenty paces of them and fired at the calf and killed the cow. The other Buffalo ran into the little basin east of the ridge. I and Jim Keen after them, believing we could rope the calf. We found about thirty head of Buffalo down the draw a few hundred yards below the ridge. The country was covered with sage brush and full of holes and wash-outs. We had to abandon the chase. We took part of the hump of the cow, she was not in very good condition for beef. That was the only Buffalo meat we had on the trip. Two days' drive down the river we came to the Hash Knife Ranch. Col. Simpson established this ranch in 1880, and was driving his yearlings and two-year-olds from his Texas Pecos River Ranch to the bunch grass range of the Little Missouri. For two hundred miles North the country was open, not a ranch or settlement. The Hash Knife was the only ranch South of the old Fort Keogh Trail then, 1883. Though Major Towers had men building his ranch house and branding corrals at or near the mouth of Little Beaver that empties into the Little Missouri, seventy-five miles north of the Hash Knife ranch. The second night after passing the Hash Knife ranch we camped at the mouth of Box Elder in a fine grass country where water was plentiful. While the Buffalo was on the verge of extinction, antelope were still plentiful on the range. Ever since we crossed the Red River into the Indian Territory we saw small bands of Antelope scattered over the prairies. The farther North we came the more plentiful we found them. Here in the land by the end of the trail we were seldom out of sight of them. in the daylight. We were nearing our destination. In September, 1883, we arrived at the Corral on Little Beaver with the first herd of cattle ever delivered on the Northern range of Towers and Gudgell. Major Towers pronounced them in the best condition of any trail herd he had ever seen delivered anywhere on the Northern range from Texas. We had trailed across two-thirds of the great State of Texas, crossed from South to North, the Indian Territory, Kansas, Nebraska, and the corner of Dakota and Wyoming and half way across the Territory of Montana. We left Texas with a few head over three thousand and Driscoll could account for every one he had lost but one. The drag drivers could account for that one. It was always out to one side. They let it drop out one day expecting it to follow. As it did not come on, Jim Keen went back after it. We just crossed a high table land with only a few places at the Old Buffalo trails, where we could descend to the level of the prairie. Keen was running that dogie, quirting it at every jump, and ran it off the bluff and broke its neck. That was the only one Driscoll could not account for. They had grazed over the prairies of seven states, including territories, from Southern Texas to the maturing grounds at the end of the trail for nearly two thousand miles of unsettled plain and prairie without seeing a fence or a farm with the exception of the few cane patches the squatters planted along the trail in Kansas for the purpose of collecting toll from the trail herds. We found Fred La Breche and Bill Underwood, two Buffalo hunters, Major Towers employed in the early spring to build the ranch house and the branding corrals. They were still working on the corral which was unfinished and the house undaubed. They also built a ranch for the Three-Seven outfit, 777, 20 miles below the mouth of Beaver on the "Little Missouri." The 777 and the Ox occupied the same range and worked together. Tucker got in about three days behind us. Major Towers was there to receive the herds. As soon as everything was settled for their deliverance Driscoll, Tucker, Henry Jones and the two Stubbs boys pulled out for the Northern Pacific Railroad, at Keith, now Mingusville, and boarded the train for Texas. The boys that remained on the ranch had to help finish the corral, the chutes—the most important part was unfinished—and it was necessary to put the range brand on the dogies as soon as possible. Turn them loose, let them become located before snow fell, as it is not good judgment to handle cattle on the Northern ranges after cold weather comes. In the meantime Henry Boice arrived with two thousand head of 777 cattle, all steer stock, two's and three's, closely followed by George Towers with twenty-five hundred head of mixed stock cows, one's, two's and three's—ox cattle from their range in Colorado. These two herds had the range brand on them, Ox and 777, and were turned loose on the west side of the Little Missouri, on Bull Run Creek. The boys put to cutting cedar posts to finish the corrol. They would cut a day, relieve the boys on herd, would cut, that way they all took a hand in the cutting of posts. First, I was sent to Keith with the wagon after supplies. Then Fountain Brothers had a small store there, keeping a few hunters' supplies and dealing in Buffalo robes. They had about twenty-five hundred hides piled up there for shipment. When I delivered my order they sized me up to see if I was sane or a wandering maniac. That was their first order from a big cattle outfit, and it proved an eye opener for them. When I ordered one dozen cases of tomatoes, and the same amount of other canned goods, one thousand pounds of flour, two hundred pounds of bacon, and other things in proportion, they liked to fell dead. I had to wait until they filled the order from Glendive. When I returned with the supplies I went to cutting cedar with the boys. It will not strain the imagination to guess what kind of a hand a "cowboy" will make cutting posts, one that never had but little training with an ax and had for the past seven months been constantly in the saddle very nearly night and day. We went at the task willingly, determined to complete the job as soon as possible. At the head of some of the coulies or draws running into the river we found a scrub growth of cedar and ash. There is where we were cutting. The location of the cedar was about three miles from the corral. The second day cutting I was riding a pony I called "Wild Cat," a chunk of a Spanish pony I had ridden from Texas here, to the ranch at the end of the trail. The floor of the draw we were cutting in was about thirty feet wide, here, with a luxuriant growth of blue stem grass and scattered sage brush. The banks were steep. We could get in and out only where the Buffalo trails crossed. I staked "Wild Cat" to a large sage brush a little below, and in plain sight of where we were cutting. The other boys staked their ponies just around a bend in the coolie. We were quietly working, when all of a sudden I heard a roar like a herd stampede, and looking down the draw saw "Wild Cat" climbing the steep bank, sage brush and all and three buffalo bulls right after him. Dock Lorance was the first to speak. He said what in "hell?" Has "hell" broke loose in the "Bad Lands?" I said I suppose "Wild Cat" thought so. To the North was a level table land or mesa, at least three miles across to the brakes. When I got out where I could see, there was not a Buffalo in sight. "Wild Cat" was standing perfectly still half way across the mesa. I went on afoot, walked up to him, untied the sage brush from the end of the rope. Up to now he had not moved. Suddenly he seemed to wake out of a trance, took a view of the land and in the horse language said, "where did those devils go," One the way back to the coolie I met five Sioux Indians. Then I realized what had caused the blind stampede of the buffaloes. They tumbled over the embankment very near on top of "Wild Cat." Man or horse, that would not move quickly when some wild and woodly beasts suddenly and without warning, tumbled over a bluff on them would not be worth mentioning. We were about two weeks cutting posts and completing the corral. Then the branding of the herds commenced. During the time we were camped there at the corral a bunch of about fifty Sioux Indians were camped about one mile above the corral on Little Beaver. They were out on a hunt.

We were now in the heart of the Buffalo range, where the Northern herds made their last stand against the onslaught of the hide hunter. While on herd one day I saw the Indians crawling on a bunch of twenty-five or thirty buffaloes. From a high butte I watched them surround them. They crawled up within twenty-five yards of the buffaloes, others of the Indians were scattered in a wide circle on their ponies. Buffalo these days were getting wild. They seemed to realize that they were doomed, that their race was run. The Indians used all their cunning to get in position to kill this remnant of the Northern herd. When they were in position to commence the attack, they killed half of the bunch before the frightened animals knew which way to run. When they made their mad dash to get away they ran North West towards the head of Sandstone Creek, and ran into a hollow circle formed by the Indians, to trap them. When they took their toll, there were only a few head left. We often went to the Indian camp to see them drying the meat and fleshing the hides. They cut the meat in strips and hung it on a line to dry. The squaws would stretch a hide on the ground by driving stakes all around the outer edge, keep stretching it until they had it as tight as a drum head. Then the squaws would get down on their knees with their scrapers, some of them made of bone, and get every bit of flesh off the hide. Then it was ready to tan. They used the brain of the animal and constant rubbing, never giving it a chance to get hard, until it was thoroughly tanned, the most perfect tan in the world. This was the last killing of buffaloes of any consequence by the Indians, or any one in the United States. They were gone forever. A few stragglers of the great herd were killed after that in different sections of the country.

THE END OF THE CATTLE TRAIL

THE BAD LANDS

The Ox Ranch, at the mouth of Little Beaver, is at the Southern edge of the Bad Lands, of the Little Missouri. The wonder lands of the North West at the end of the trail. I heven't words to describe that magic land lying there in sublime and grotesque grandeur. Keeping locked within its smoldering bosom, the secrets of the past. The great changes wrought by the ever-present hand of evolution. Ages beyond the computation of man, passed, unrecorded since great forests covered this land of mystery. Where roamed the mastadon and other giants of the animal kingdom, long before the age of man on earth. In evidence of which we have the bones, part of the skeletons of those ancient animals, together with numerous specimens of petrified wood, and perfect petrified stumps, now standing on the high Mesas surrounded by the Bad Lands, the smouldering ashes of extinct lignite fields. These lignite beds are still burning. The first time I ever saw the smoke issuing from a crack in the ground, I thought the world on fire. Millions of acres, covering hundreds of miles of territory comprising these vast lignite beds were burning long before the trail of the "pale face" crossed the Mississippi, and are still smoldering. The lignite coal burning from beneath, leaving a vacuum that is naturally filled by the caving in of the surface, thus forming the "Bad Lands." Hundreds of miles of the coal beds have long since burned out and are covered with rich grass in the arroyos and little valleys, and on the mesas, that are scattered throughout the Bad Lands; the winter range of the thousands of cattle that were turned loose without other shelter or feed, at the mercy of the blizzards. Before the range was over-stocked the cattle would go through an ordinary winter with comparatively small loss. Those brakes affording shelter against the storm. When the "2 S. L." herds were branded with the Ox range brand, one herd was turned loose on the head of Big Beaver, the other, on the Little Missouri, just above the Old Keogh trail, where there was a line camp, and I, Jim Keen, and Dock Lorance were staitoned there to ride a line to keep them from drifting South and East, on the Sioux Reservation. One morning I rode out on the west side to see how they were doing. The Bad Lands here are about ten miles wide, five miles on each side of the river. I had gotten out of the Bad Lands in the direction of Big Beaver, and rode up on a butte to take a view of the country. I saw two emigrant wagons going west on the Keogh trail. Following close behind the wagons was what looked from the distance to be one hundred head of cattle. I was sure it was some of the "S. L." dogies. When I overtook them it proved to be some of the Driscoll herd, with their tails over their backs and their heads bobbing, seemingly perfectly satisfied hitting the trail once more behind a wagon. They kept us busy that fall trying to locate them. They would graze for a while in the morning, then hit the first trail they saw. One evening I was just returning off my line on the east side of the river, when I saw quite a bunch of cattle running into a bend of the river, about one mile above camp, and bawling like they do when they smell fresh blood. There was a trail that led around the head of a little draw where there was a burning mine and on to a Mesa, where I could ride up and look down in the bend where the cattle were so excited. There were four or five grey wolves attacking a yearling. I had seen hundreds of wolves, but that was the first time I had ever witnessed their attack on a live animal, and I took advantage of the opportunity to watch their method of killing an animal. Some of them would go in front of the yearling, snapping and snarling to attract its attention, and frighten it while one would grab it by the hind leg just above the hock. I only watched them a moment—that moment cost the yearling its life. The tendons in its hind legs were cut, it was ham-strung there before my eyes, in a few minutes rendering it perfectly helpless. By this time the other cattle had run away and I took a shot at the wolves with my six-shooter. Being down hill and fifty yards away I missed, and they disappeared through the sage brush. I rode down to where the yearling lay and the tendons in both hind legs were cut slick and clean. I killed it and poisoned its carcass. That was one of our specific instructions that every man must carry a bottle of stdychninne and poison everything we killed and left on the prairie. I had often heard that these lobo wolves would tackle and kill the largest Buffalo bull when driven to it by hunger. After I witnessed that daylight attack on those yearlings, I never again doubted that they would not attack the largest animal that ever roamed the plains, and get away with it. One morning after a hard rain I was on my line on the east side and ran on to a trail of fifty or seventy-five head of cattle going East in the direction of the Sioux Reservation. They had gone on either the evening before or early in the morning. I followed their trail for twenty miles, before I overtook them on the head of the Cannon Ball River, near the line of the reservation. I rounded them up and headed them for the Little Missouri. By the time I reached the edge of the Bad Lands, it was dark. I gave them a send-off down a canyon toward the river and started for camp. After feeling my way into the heart of the Bad ands, I concluded it would be folish to attempt to get through until daylight, as these herds of Towers and Gudgell were the first turned loose in that section of the country. Cattle trails were comparatively few those days in the Bad Lands. The main buffalo trails leading into water or crossing the river, were the only trails then, penetrating these mysterious lands of the Yellowstone, and the Little Missouri. It was difficult to find a way through them in daylight, and a hopeless undertaking in the night. A cloud settled over the Bad Lands and enveloped the country in pitch darkness. I led my horse around, feeling my way until I found a sage brush to tie him to, unsaddled him, took the saddle blanket and my slicker and lay down. I was prepared for big game. When in Keith, now Wibaux, Montana, I bought me a Colt's forty-five six-shooter, and a forty-five seventy-five Winchester, and had them with me. I was riding "Brown Jug," the best horse I had in my mount. He wound run onto a Buffalo or anything. There was only one animal he was afraid of in daylight, that was an Indian. That night he seemed uneasy, he wanted to be near me. I had laid there about one hour when I felt something like drops of rain in my face. Lighting a match I saw it was snowing. I could not sleep, got up, and sat down on my saddle with the blanket and slicker over me. That night it snowed about one inch, the 9th of October, 1883. I was sitting there half asleep in the middle of the night, when I heard a crash off to the right. In the stillness of the dark it sounded nearby. My horse, standing at my back, nudged me with his nose to see if I was still there. The remainder of the night passed quietly. I dozed for a few minutes at a time. As soon as it was light enough to see I saddled "Brown Jug" and started for camp. Just over a little hogback rise in the ground and not over fifty yards from where I had spent the night, I saw the smoke of a burning mine. I rode up on the hogback ridge to get a better view of it. Standing there near where the smoke was issuing from the ground, to my surprise, was the largest buffalo bull I ever saw. I backed my horse out of sight, dismounted and with my Winchester, walked up on the ridge. When I reached the summit he turned a broad side and I sent a slug from my Winchester. He did not drop at the instant, but started to run. I gave him another shot, when he stumbled over dead. Both shots had pentrated his heart. I went on to camp, got some breakfast and I and Jim Keen, with an extra pack horse, went back, skinned it and took the hind quarters and the hide to camp. As there were only three of us in that line camp, we had buffalo meat half the winter. That was a comparatively mild winter. I don't believe the loss was over two per cent and half of that was caused by the depredations of the Lobo wolves.

Mr. Lytle and Schreiner paid thirteen dollars for yearlings in Texas, the spring of 1883, for the two herds sold at Ogallala, to Major Towers, of Towers and Gudgell, delivered at their corral on Little Beaver, Montana. He received eighteen or twenty dollars for two-year-olds, I have forgotten which. Major Towers informed me that the tops of those herds, after being doubled and trebled, wintered in Montana, averaged him a little above seventy dollars per head, on the Chicago market. It was that difference in the cost of yearlings in Texas and the price obtainable for the same steer on the market, for a four-year-old after having been grazed three years on the free grass ranges, at the end of the trail. That offered the inducement to brave men to run the risk in the old days on the range before anyone thought of feeding or shelter, when thousands of cattle were turned loose on the Northern ranges, to make their living and find some natural shelter against the vigors of the Northern winters.

THE PIONEER OUTFIT IN MONTANA FORTY YEARS AGO

Conspicuous among those were the early occupants of the

Deer Lodge Valley. The rugged pioneers that settled there in the early sixties. The names of Conrad Kohrs, Grandville, and James Stewart, John Grant and others already mentioned are the pathfinders, who blazed the trails to the hunting grounds of the Blackfoot and the Crow Indians. The "R" Quarter Circle of Rumsey Brothers, J. L. Truscott, foreman; the Ranch of the pioneer Eaton Brothers; the Bill Dantz Ranch and the Elk Horn Ranch owned by Ferris Merrifield and Roosevelt, were the first to occupy the Bad Lands north of the old Keogh Trail, on the Little Missouri. These, with the "777" Ranch just south of the Keogh Trail; the Ox Ranch of Towers-Gudgell. These two outfits turned loose ten thousand head in the Bad Lands in the fall of 1883. With the Hash Knife outfit, these were the pioneer cattle ranchers of the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri. The town of Little Missouri was then a typical Western town. One could hear the whirr of the roulette wheel, the click of the poker chips and the rattle of the spur, when the cowboys came to town.

A little incident in the life of the Bad Lands. Just south of the old Keogh Trail was the ranch of the Lang Cattle Company, a small foreign outfit. Financed by a son of Sir John Pender of England, a Mr. Lang, a Scotchman manager. During the summer of 1886, Mr. Pender paid a visit to the ranch, and was in Little Missouri one day, when a young lady was attacked by a large dog belonging to one of the Band Land citizens. There was in town a rough and ready type of the Old West, they called Fighting Bill Jones. Jones saw the dog attack the helpless young lady, and pulled his six-shooter and shot the dog dead in the street. Mr. Pender, just from his ranch, happened along at that time and recognized the dead dog as one belonging to a friend, and asked of a by-stander who had killed the dog. He was told that Fighting Bill Jones had killed it. He said if a man shot a dog of his in the street he would take a shot at him. Jones heard the remark and said, "I am the man that shot the dog. If you don't like it just turn your pet bear loose." Pender retorted, "I guess you don't know me. I am a son of Sir John Pender of England." Jones shouted back, "You man be a son of a lord in the old country, but you act like what we call a 'damned son of a bitch' in this country." Fortunately for Pender, he turned and went on his way without saying another word. He remembered he was in the Wild West of the United States of America.

The "70L," the "Mc," the "N-Bar," the "U-Cross" and '76" of the Powder River Land and Cattle Company, all of Powder River; the "H. V." Ranch on Big Dry Creek; the 'S. T. V." Ranch, owned by Conrad Company, on Sand Creek; the Twenty-Two Brand of Cap. Harman, on the head of Little Beaver; the Thirteen Ranch on Sandstone; the "T. L." Brand of Dickey Brothers, and the "E6" Ranch on the Maura, were among the pioneer cattle rangers, in the land by the end of the trail. In 1884, the Marquis De Mores came to Little Missouri, a small station on the N. P. R. R., where it crossed the Little Missouri River, in the heart of the Bad Lands. The Marquis was a son-in-law of the millionaire banker, Von Huffman, of New York. His family belonged to the nobility of France. He was a Marquis in the French army. He was said to have had a million dollars in his own name and through his marriage to the New York heiress, had at his command two million dollars. His first venture in the business field was the range cattle business. He bought out the "Y-Cross" outfit in Oregon, and transferred the cattle to his range in the Bad Lands of the Little Muddy, with Johnnie Goodall range foreman. Next he built a road from Little Missouri to Deadwood and started a stage line at an outlay of over fifty thousand dollars. He then built a pasture fence, paying twenty-five cents each for cutting cottonwood posts, where the cottonwood grew thick in the bends of the river twenty-five feet to the first limb soft wood. The men made as high as twenty dollars per day cutting. The outlay on the pasture was twenty-five thousand or more. He then went out to Western Montana, to buy sheep to stock his pasture and an old sheep man saw him coming and built a chute with wings at the foot of a little round butte. The sheep were rounded up for his inspection. He pronounced them "O. K." and the count followed. As they came through the chute the herder headed them around the butte into the wings with the uncounted ones. Ran them through the chute the second time, sold him twenty-five hundred for five thousand and received his check for five thousand head. Marquis counted them himself. I believed the price to be six dollars per head. He had the name of Little Missouri changed to Medora in honor of his wife, and was the founder and owner of the paper, "The Bad Lands

Cowboy." The boys called it the "Bad Boys' Cowlands." He next conceived the idea of the dressed meat business, believing by establishing slaughter houses in the range country he could save the cost of shipping and the commission, which would enable him to compete on the open markets of the East with the well established firms of Armour, Swift & Company of Chicago, and Kansas City. He had built at Medora the largest and best equipped slaughter house west of Chicago, with all the latest machinery and appliances appertaining to the business. He secured the best help money could hire. Hundreds of refrigerator cars were built by the Northern Pacific Railroad, and kept at his disposal. It was common rumor in the community that he had expended one and a half million dollars by the time he was ready to start slaughtering. His first bunch of beeves for killing were purchased from Col. Simpson, of the Hash Knife outfit. They were drifted for two hundred miles down the river and put on the scales and weighed, full of grass and water. Cattle will lose one hundred pounds each in shipping from Western Dakota to Chicago. At these great central establishments there is no waste, everything is utilized. The proceeds from the by-products pay a large per cent of the running expenses. To the Bad Lands operator the offal was a total loss and he paid for one hundred pounds of grass and water with each steer that the butcher of Chicago did not. With this unforeseen handicap the Marquis sailed forth to put Swift & Company out of business and capture the markets of the East. He established retail butcher shops in New York, and other Eastern cities, and put his product on the market at reduced cost. Swift & Company met the reduction and went on doing business. In the meantime Von Huffman came out on a visit to his daughter and son-in-law. Took in the situation at a glance. The first thing he did was to send the private car that was standing on the sidetrack at the disposal of the Marquis at a cost of thirty dollars per day, to Minneapolis. The keen business eye of "Pa" Von Huffman saw the loophole through which his millions were fast disappearing and the brilliant exploits of a romantic character of the Northwest was closed, the curtain rolled down. When the war broke out in French Africa the Marquis went to France and joined the army and was afterwards killed in the lead of his regiment in the Soudan.

THE END OF THE CATTLE TRAIL

From 1870 to the close of the trail in 1889, it is a safe estimate to say that five hundred thousand head of cattle were driven out of Texas every year to the Northern range. The maturing grounds at the end of the trail never could have been successful breeding grounds under the old system. A cow with a calf by her side in the late fall stood a slim chance of living through the winter. The winter of 1881 was a severe winter, causing considerable loss to the range cattle men on these Northern ranges.

The severe winter of 1886 and 1887 was the most disastrous and discouraging winter ever experienced by cattle men of the Northwest. Snow fell early. Then a thaw leaving a sheet of ice over the ground, on which came four feet of snow on a level and from ten to thirty feet in drifts, with the very near continuous blizzards and severe cold, was too much for even the native wild animals to withstand. I saw deer and antelope lying dead in the Bad Lands, where they had fallen into ravines and drifts, unable to get out. Cattle were piled up dead in every bend of the Little Missouri from where the brush set in to its mouth. Ninety-five per cent of the cattle were lost in Eastern Montana and Western Dakota and Wyoming. Some of the supposedly strong companies went to the wall. Instead of the banks coming to their rescue, they closed down on many of them and they had to sacrifice what they had left on a poor market for that class of cattle. The fall of 1887, the cattle just out of the hard winter, were not very fat and there was an over surplus of canners from Texas. When these hard-hit Northern ranchers shipped a train load to market they would receive the proceeds in postage stamps. From that date there was a change in the old range system. Beef production under the old range system never was a safe investment on the Northern ranges. The majority of those who invested money in the cattle raising in the North, even with free grass, failed to secure adequate returns. Hence, by 1910 the great basic industries of the Old West were entering the transition stage. Unlike the arid regions of the greater part of the breeding grounds of the Southwest, the soil of the great states of Dakota, Montana and Idaho were known to be productive, needing less irrigation, making the latest methods of dry farming possible and remunerative. By 1880 the wild Indian had been subdued and his hunting grounds, the vanishing remnant of the Old West, was invaded and taken possession of by that pioneer pathfinder of the prairie and plans, the cowboy ranger. The once great herds of buffaloes that fifty years ago roamed in thousands over his Northern range were fast disappearing before the onslaught of the cattle men and the hide hunters, and by 1885 the last of the monarch of the prairies was exterminated, excepting a small remnant of the Northern herd that sought safety in the Peace River country, of the British Northwest, never to return.

Even with the buffalo gone from the range and the "Red men" conquered, the life of the cattle man and free range was doomed to be short. The last remnant of the Wild West was showing signs of the marks of civilization. As late as 1890, the western half of North Dakota and the eastern half of Montana was free government land. During the next ten years saw the most tremendous agricultural development ever experienced in America. The great awakened tide of emigration swept to the Northwest, where the homesteader received for his reward part of the conquered domain of the cattle rancher as a free gift from Uncle Sam. The transforming of the cattle range into productive farm homes was only the work of a few years. Five years after that great overflow of Anglo-Saxon blood from the East to the land by the end of the trail, twenty thousand homestead filings had been made in the United States Land Office in Eastern Montana. The same transformation has taken place in Western Dakota. Twenty-five years of farming progress have changed North Dakota from a stock grazing region to the front ranks of agricultural states of the union. Thirty-five years ago North Dakota's successful farming was confined to a few hundred square miles in the now famous Red River Valley. Today North Dakota is a state of farms and farmers. North Dakota has achieved her present position in the agricultural world from her wheat fields, which as early as 1915, were producing anually one hundred million bushels. With their rapid development these states were soon known to the world as the zone of plenty. The haphazard method of farming to all grain has given way to more diversified crops and in 1914, ten million dollars' worth of live stock and five million dollars' worth of butter were produced in North Dakota; and Montana leads the states in bushels to the acre, with the average of twenty-four bushels of winter wheat per acre. Large acres of mountainous and rough grazing land will continue a stock range. The passing of the big stock rancher to the stock farmer with more men in the business and fewer cattle to the individual will go on down the lanes of time, producing their quota of beef in the land by the end of the trail.

THE CHANGED CONDITIONS IN TEXAS

The Panhandle country has gone through an important step in the evolution of cattle business. The longhorn has disappeared from the range. In his place has come the Shorthorn, Angus and the Hereford, with their better beef producing qualities. In the last few years the homesteader has about driven out the big cattle companies. The day when a person could ride one hundred miles without striking a fence is gone, and with it has gone the old range system. Then no one fed cattle at any time during the year and no sheds or protection of any kind were used. Today everyone feeds. The country is fast becoming the land of the big farmer and small cowman. It is reported that many farmers have raised thirty bushels of wheat per acre.

The success in raising small grain is not curtailing the cattle industry. There are great areas in Texas that are suited only for grazing, and cheap grass is the great factor in the production of cheap beef. Considerable glamor has been thrown around the Western cattle man. The type now becoming extinct, for outside of the fenced pasture the range outfit has disappeared, but most of it was mere sentiment. With the exception of a few short years the business never yielded adequate returns. The drouths and winter losses were always a problem to contend with and financial results disappointing. The East could never get away from the idea that free grass was the principal capital of the range cattle men. That cattle raised themselves, that the greater part of the expense incidental to the business was branding the calf crop and gathering the beef. When in reality free grass was the curse of the industry. It was everybody's property, resulting in destruction instead of conservation, causing the early passing of the great basic industry of the pastoral West, where in a generation we literally wasted a national heritage of grass. Texas, the birthplace of the range cattle industry of the United States, is the last to fall before the onward march of the homesteader, where the few remaining big cattle outfits own their range, are holding their own under protection of the pasture fence.

A GOVERNMENT OUTRAGE

The vast unoccupied range of the Indian Territory in the days before it was thrown open for settlement, the white man was forbidden to use or settle in the Territory. It was exclusively an Indian country, though some of the cattle men had made satisfactory agreements with the Indians for the use of parts of their nation for temporary range. Among them was Col. Maberry. In 1885, through some dissatisfaction, these cattle men were ordered out of the Territory, and not complying with the request as promptly as those in charge thought they should, the government sent troops into the Territory and double quicked them out north, into the strip and the over-stocked ranges of Colorado, some of which was burned off at the time. In the meantime the cattle men had built a line fence extending from the eastern line of No-Man's-Land along the line of Northern Kansas to the corner of New Mexico, to prevent the cattle from drifting with the storms too far south. Owing to the depleted conditions of the ranges and the added influx of these cattle from the Nation, thousands of cattle drifted against that fence and perished, causing the loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars, just for the lack of knowledge of the range, cattle business and the existing conditions, by the men in charge of the Government Patrol, who ignored the cattle men's plea for a little more time. If their wish had been granted, thousands of head of cattle could have been saved. I only mention these facts that are now a matter of history to show that the range cattle men have never received any bouquets from the government. They have continually been asked to move on. That is nothing more than they expected, where they were occupying agricultural lands. They have complied with every request willingly and uncomplaining. Now that they have been pushed back to the barren waste in the remote corner of the land, and being American citizens representing the very best type of that virile Western manhood, they are entitled to some consideration by the Government.

THE BIG RANCHES IN TEXAS, THE SOURCE FROM WHICH THE FEED LOTS ARE SUPPLIED

The millions of acres of state lands in Texas which a few years ago could be bought for a few cents an acre, enabling those pioneers, who had the rare foresight to purchase large bodies of land and under protection of the pasture fence to guard against the curse of overstocking. From 1892 to 1900 prices dropped so low that many of the large ranches of the West were broken up. Cattle other than milch cows decreased 10,040,000 head. In 1893 and 1896, when the price of beef fell so low, wheat and corn became the stable crop and were given far more attention than were cattle. The value of land increased, with the advance of land. Immigrants kept purchasing farther West. The homesteader and the sheep men kept crowding the cattle men farther from the good grazing lands to the less desirable section. The production of beef was discouraged and retarded, not only by the low prices and the decrease in breeding stock, but by the cutting up of the ranges and the increased value of farm lands. The price of cattle did not keep pace with the price of other commodities.

The census of 1900 shows that there were on farms and ranches 50,583,777 cattle other than milch cows, while the census of 1910 shows this number to have decreased to 41,198,434. This was a decrease of 9,385,343 in ten years. With our entrance into the World War in 1917, greatly increasing the demand for beef, with the increased demand for veal and the drouth then prevailing in the grett breeding grounds of the Southwest, the main source of supply. Adding to the already alarming decrease so much that for the first time in our history it became necessary to look to a foreign field for relief. It was mainly through these great breeding ranches of Texas, with their changed system of cattle raising, many producing ample feed to insure them against loss, that kept the shortage from going back beyond the hope of recovery for at least a decade. There was no movement from Texas in 1920, until late in 1921. The exorbitant freight charges even then made it impossible to ship beeves to market at a profit. Since, there has been an excellent movement—everything looks hopeful, grass and water plentiful, this summer, 1922. Even with a continuance of present conditions it will take the industry five years to get back to normal production. These are facts that ought to stimulate conservation of grazing resources and prevent legislation injurious to the cattle industry.

Of the big pioneer cattle ranches in Texas there are none better known than the Great Kings Ranch of the Southwest. The founded of this great ranch was the late Captain Richard King, who first engaged in cattle ranching in 1857. His first purchase of cattle was of the old original longhorn stock of Mexico and Texas. The foundation on which he built one of the great cattle ranches of America. His live stock holdings at one time were 100,000 head of cattle, 20,000 sheep and 10,000 horses. He was the first to import new blood for the building up of the inbred longhorn. Thousands of the Flying "W" cattle have been driven over the trail to the ranges of Colorado, Wyoming and Montana. As many as 30,000 calves have been branded on this ranch in a single year. At the time of his death Captain King's ranch comprised 500,000 acres of land. The present management have increased the holdings to approximately one million acres, on which today graze thousands of head of high-grade cattle.

In 1908 the "Hash Knife" outfit, one of the old landmarks of the Pecos River, disposed of their landed interest to the White Star Land Company, of Kansas City, Missouri. Judge Word of Amirillo, Texas, bought the brand and cattle. The "Hash Knife" brand was known from the Rio Grande to the Yellowstone.

Among others of the big outfit still doing business in the Panhandle of Texas is the "L. F. D.," owned by J. P. White, who has about 600,000 acres under fence and up to 1910, was reported to be running close to 50,000 head of cattle, half of which was she stock, and branding from fifteen to twenty thousand calves a year. If I have been rightly informed, the cattle holdings have been reduced to 25,000 head. The "L. F. D." range was formerly the old Yellow House division of the famous "X. I. T." Ranch.

THE END OF THE CATTLE TRAIL

THE CAPITAL SYNDICATE

In the seventies, Texas lost her capital building by fire. At the time Texas had millions of acres of land lying idle, selling then for a few cents per acre. The citizens of the Great Empire conceived the idea of paying for the rebuilding of the capital in land. They set a very low valuation on the land and advertised for bids. They desired a capital worthy of the largest State in the United States. A syndicate was formed in Chicago and an estimate made of the cost of the kind of building the State desired. An agreement was reached. The syndicate went ahead and built the capital. After it was completed the State of Texas deeded three million acres of land in Northwest Texas to the syndicate in payment. This company formed the Capital Syndicate Land and Cattle Company. They fenced the land and stocked it with cattle. This ranch comprised a body of land larger than the three states of Delaware, New Jersey and Connecticut, and was the largest privately owned ranch in one body on the North American continent. When they went to have their brand recorded they made it "X. I. T. X.," standing for—"10," "I" for in, "T" for Texas. Meaning Ten Counties in Texas, as the ranch comprises ten counties.

Another great ranch, the "7 D" outfit, at one time ran between seventy-five and eighty thousand head of cattle. They drove their last herd over the trail to Montana in 1901. The "Long S" outfit of C. C. Slaughter, one of the best known brands in the Southwest. I believe there are still on the range running about fifteen thousand head. The Spring Lake Ranch the "Masked O" Brand. With ten or twelve thousand head. The "L. X." Ranch with twenty-five thousand head, owned by Lee Bivens, of Amirillo, Texas. The Spade Steer Ranch, and there are a few outfits still doing business in New Mexico, among them are the "Bar W" outfit. The "V. T.," at Magdalena; the "Diamond A," at Eagle; the "L. C.," at Silver City, are among those that have survived the ravages of time. There is none more closely identified with the cattle trail than John R. Blocker, who for thirty years drove thousands of cattle to every part of the range, and is said to have driven more cattle over the trail than any man living, and was one of the last to drive over the Great

Texas Cattle Trail to the Northwest.

The "P" road brand of Ike T. Pryor has been conspicuous since the early days of the trail to the close of the Old Trail in 1884, when the homesteader in Kansas pushed the trail west beyond the western border of the Panhandle, to the line of New Mexico, through Colorado and Wyoming, to the end of the trail. Mr. Pryor needs no introduction in the land of the range. The "P" Brand is known from the cactus shores of the Rio Grande, to the bunch grass prairies of the Saskatchewan. His life has been closely interwoven with the trail. Through the courtesy of Mr. Pryor in a recent communication I am able to give the cost of moving a herd of three thousand cattle from Southern Texas to Montana, or twenty-five hundred miles. With three thousand head of cattle there were eleven men, including the boss; ten men at thirty dollars per month; the boss one hundred dollars; provisions one hundred dollars per month; six horses to each man. This caused an outlay of five hundred a month to move a herd of three thousand cattle, four hundred and fifty to five hundred miles. Briefly speaking, it cost not to exceed three thousand dollars to drive three thousand head of cattle from Southern Texas to Montana. Mr. Pryor's last drive was in 1884, when he drove fifteen herds of three thousand each, a total of forty-five thousand head, disposed of them to the ranchers to re-stock their ranges in the land at the end of the trail. Mr. Pryor said his loss that year was fifteen hundred head, or three per cent.

Today it would cost twenty-five thousand dollars to ship three thousand head of cattle from South Texas to Montana, by rail. Mr. Pryor is still in the cattle business on his ranch of one hundred thousand acres at La Pryor, in Zavala County, Texas. He carries about six thousand head of cattle. The source from which he still helps supply the empty feed lots. A brief sketch of Mr. Pryor's life in the Old Trail drivers of Texas reads more like fiction than facts. This history, "Old Trail Drivers of Texas," can be secured from Fred Sanders, San Antonio, Texas.

The ranch of Mrs. John Adair, in Randall and Brisco Counties, comprises 700,000 acres and is one of the best ranches in Texas. This great ranch was established by Charlie Goodnight, in 1876, and contained 1,000,000 acres. In

1877 Mr. Goodnight sold a two-thirds interest to Mr. John Adair. Mr. Goodnight said in the early days of the ranch it cost him more to herd the buffalo off his ranch than it did to herd the cattle on it. They were the first to introduce the Herefords in that part of the State. In 1884 they purchased from Finch, Lord and Nelson, forty registered Hereford bulls. Today thousands of white-faced calves are branded each year on the ranch. After the death of Mr. Adair, Charles Goodnight and Mrs. Adair dissolved partnership. Mrs. Adair took two-thirds each of the land and cattle. She still owns her part of the ranch, which is one of the great breeding ranches of high-grade cattle in Northwest Texas.

THE RANCH THAT HARKS BACK TO THE OLD DAYS—THE GOODNIGHT RANCH

Charlie Goodnight is still in the cattle business, having been closely identified with the cattle industry in Texas since 1856, having first engaged in the range cattle business, when he was only nineteen years old. He has witnessed the transformation of Texas from a wilderness, when thousands of buffalo and wild horses roamed at will over the vast unoccupied prairies. When Northwest Texas was the guarded hunting grounds of the Commanche, and the wild longhorn was in the heyday of his existence. To the Texas of today, taken as a whole, one of the greatest States of diversified farming in the Union. Mr. Goodnight is engaged in breeding Buffalo Polled Angus cattle, Cattalo and Karakule sheep. On his ranch near Goodnight, the town that was named after him, in Armstrong County, Texas. Mr. Goodnight is much interested in raising a cross-breed. A cross between a buffalo and the Angus cattle. He has hopes of producing a breed of hardy cattle that will replace the Herefords. An animal carrying buffalo blood never eats loco, never has blackleg, or drifts before a storm. They live to a great age; they have the extra ribs of the buffalo and when butchered will dress as high as sixty-eight per cent. A buffalo cow thirty years old was butchered on the Goodnight ranch, dressed nine hundred and sixty pounds.

THE END OF THE CATTLE TRAIL

THE TRANSFORMATION

The first cattle to invade the vast and trackless plains of the Old West. The longhorn has, with his native range companion, the buffalo, disappeared from his native heath. The cattle that first made Texas famous as the home of the longhorn has gone forever. In his place has been substituted that great beef breed, the Hereford, the pride of modern intelligent breeding, that some day will onece more make Texas famous. This time it will be known as the home of the "Whiteface." The great beef empire of the Southwest. The day when no one paid any attention to breed, when the only requisites were four legs, two horns, a hide and a tail, has also passed with the scrub, since men have learned that it costs no more to produce an animal that will respond quickly to good treatment and will weigh as much at two years old as the scrub would at four years old. As a natural result in keeping with the economic condition of the country and the great transition that has taken place in the range cattle industry. Now the "Whiteface" is seen in thousands, from the Cimarron to the Rio Grande.

To Judge O. H. Nelson, widely known as "Bull Nelson," more than any other man, is due the credit for putting a better grade of cattle on the Panhandle ranches. Between 1881 and 1888, Judge Nelson drove ten thousand of the best bulls he could buy and sold them to ranchmen in Northwest Texas. The cattle men have never forgotten his service to the industry, so they call him "Bull Nelson," to keep in memory that service. In speaking of Charlie Goodnight, Col. Nelson said they had enjoyed a long friendship, owing to the fact that in the early days they were next door neighbors. Their houses being only forty miles apart and none in between. That makes us think kindly of those pioneer mothers of the range, who bore with fortitude the many hardships of frontier life.

Among other ranchers still in the ranks of the cattle ranchers are the Chowden Ranch, the Scarbaur Cattle Company, and the ranch of the Nelson Morris Company, comprising 250,000 acres all of Midland, and the ranch of George Walcott, of Big Springs.

THE END OF THE CATTLE TRAIL

THE SPUR RANGE

The passing of the Spur Ranch from one of the great breeding ranches of Texas to the farmer. The home of the hog, the land of the pumpkin, cotton and corn, has removed from the ranks of the cattle breeders one of the most renowned cattle ranches in Texas. The Spur Brand was known to every cowboy from the head of the Brazos to the end of the trail. I am indebted to Mr. Charles A. Jones, manager for S. M. Swenson & Sons, Spur Dickens County Texas, for this brief review of early days of the ranch. The inception of the Spur Brand was in the Hall cattle brought from the Cimarron, New Mexico, in 1878. The Espuela Cattle Company was organized in 1882, and in the year 1884 was absorbed by the Espuela Land and Cattle Company, Limited, of London, a Scotch-English Syndicate. The ranch originally comprised approximately 500,000 acres in Dickens, Kent, Crosby and Garza Counties, Texas. In the early days of the ranch, approximately 80,000 head of cattle were run, and as many as 18,000 calves were branded in a single year. In 1907 the Spur Ranch, both land and cattle, was purchased by S. M. Swenson & Sons, and Charles A. Jones, formerly with Armour & Company, at Kansas City, succeeded to the management of the properties. In 1910 the Spur cattle were sold to W. J. Lewis, of Clarendon, and the land put on the market in lots to suit the purchaser. One-half of the great ranch has been sold and its adaptability for agricultural purposes has passed beyond the experimental stage. The former owner made a great success in the cattle business under the old system and it has been proven that the farmer can and will make a success here with the present system of diversified farming.

The town of Espuela, a Spanish word meaning "Spur," is located on the ranch and is the terminus of the Stanford and Northwestern Railway, affording ample shipping facilities.

THE "S. M. S." RANCH AT STANFORD, TEXAS

In the sixties a young man just out of college and a companion went on a sailing trip to the Gulf of Mexico. There on

AN EARLY DAY RANCH "HEADQUARTERS."

Up to the 90's this sort of "Dug Out" camp was very common. Many a wife of some now prosperous cowmen went as a bride to this sort of home.

the coast of Texas, the boat was wrecked and the two young men decided to return by prairie schooner across Texas, against the advice of the residents in the town from which they started. They set off through the hostile Indian country and after many hardships arrived safely at their destination. One of those ship-wrecked boys was E. P. Swenson, the founder of the great "S. M. S." Ranch. In 1882, Mr. Swenson began the fencing and development of the ranch. From his first inspection of the land he has advised against selling it, claiming a good portion of it was good agricultural land. Time and conditions have proven the wisdom of his judgment.

In 1920, Mr. Swenson secured the services of Frank S. Hastings. Mr. Hastings was no novice in the game of judging Herefords. He had had years of training under the critical eye of the late Kirkland B. Armour, of Armour & Company, Kansas City, a real lover of the Herefords, and having been associated in a business way with that great judge of Herefords, Mr. Simpson, of Gudgell & Simpson, of Independence, Missouri, coupled with his natural ability and love for cattle, made Mr. Hastings a valuable acquisition to the "S. M. S." Ranch. Born in Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, then the gateway to the Old West, on the border lands of the range, where he could sit on the back fence of his father's farm and watch the passing herds of Texas cattle being driven North in search of a market. Thus the very environments surrounding Frank Hastings' boyhood days, naturally caused him to take to cattle like a duck to water. Mr. Hastings has kept in view the new conditions confronting cattle raisers today, that have in part been brought about by the natural process of industrial evolution and the general inability to buy, has had a depressing effect on all classes of business. Cattle men today are confronted with the necessity of adapting their business to a pattern that more closely fits into the economic conditions found in the locality in which their interest lie. Through rare foresight and intelligent selecting of the best, Mr. Hastings has developed one of the very best herds of Hereford cattle in America. The great "S. M. S." Ranch comprises 450,000 acres and is the most unique cattle ranch in the world. The only ranch of which I have any knowledge that does a mail order business in cattle. Where there is no scrub and every buyer has the same chance on an even basis. There is no choice nor no picking. Yearling bred at the "S. M. S." Ranch from the feed lot of Dan D. Casement, Manhattan, Kansas. Weight 1161 pounds, dressing 64.41 per cent; demonstrating what good breeding will do and proof that the days of the baby beef has arrived.

One of the greatest ranches in the Southwest is the Matador, whose fame extends far beyond the confines of our own country. Mr. H. H. Campbell, the founder of this great ranch, was engaged in cattle ranching in Ellis County, Texas, from 1865 to 1878. Mr. Campbell was one of the pioneers in the range cattle business when Texas had thousands of cattle but no market; when the rugged pioneers of the range sought the markets of New Orleans, Havana and the Government posts in the Indian country, and the mining towns beyond the unsettled Indian country to the far West. Mr. Campbell drove through to New Orleans in the early days, using pack horses, before the days of the chuck wagon, and drove to the mining towns of California, across a wild and hostile Indian

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country. In 1878, Mr. Campbell found the limits of his range being narrowed by the invasion of the settler and having long had visions of a cattle ranch on a big scale, he sought the aid of someone having the means to assist him in carrying out his idea of a big cattle ranch. Meeting with Mrs. Britton, Lomax and Nucholds, bankers of Fort Worth, and Mr. Cato, of New York. He interested them in helping finance the enterprise. He then started out to look for a location. Measuring up to his idea of what a big breeding ranch should be in regard to natural resources. He first sought the Davis River, and Concho country. Turning them down on account of not sufficient rainfall. He then turned to the head waters of the Brazos River, where he found the choice locations already occupied by Jess Histon, Jim Reed, Jim Newman and others. He pushed on farther north to the Peace River country, where he found his ideal of a ranch location, where could be had a million acres or more in one solid body. With all the natural resources, good turf, sufficient rainfall to insure grass, running creeks, free of bog holes, where the Indians had been driven back and the buffaloes killed off except a few stragglers. Mr. Campbell picked Ballard Springs, a famous buffalo camp, for the headquarters location, it being about the center of the range he wished to cover. The camp was occupied by Joe Browning, whom he bought out for a small sum, and there in August, 1879, located the headquarters of the famous Matador Ranch. The company was organized with a fifty thousand dollar capital. The company consisted of the four partners mentioned, Mr. Campbell making the fifth. Each subscribed ten thousand dollars. A. M. Britton was elected the first president; S. W. Lomax, secretary and treasurer, with H. H. Campbell, general manager. The first cattle bought was from John Dawson, of Fort Worth, their range on the Double Mountain Fork of the Brazos, and branded "V." These cattle were counter branded "50M," which represented the capital stock of the company. The "50" is still the horse brand. The cattle brand was changed to "V" in 1881. Their second buy was the Berry cattle of Buffalo Gap, in Taylor County. The third buy was the famous Jingle Bob cattle from Coggin and Willey. These cattle were named from the ear mark. The ear being cut so it hung down and flapped. Their range was in Southern Motley County, which

ROPING OUT OF ROUN-UP TO BRAND.

became part of the Matador range. They next bought the "T. 4 I." cattle of Huston Brothers, and Lemour. The last two buys cleared the desired range of small ranchmen and left the way opened for the building of one of the most noted cattle ranches in the world. The late J. L. Harrison was foreman for the Matadors for several years and at the time of his death was quite prominent in the cattle business. J. H. Smith, now a prominent citizen of Motley County, came to the Matadors with the Dawson cattle and was one of the trusted and most successful trail bosses from Texas to Montana. J. R. Beasley, for years boss of the Matadors, now prominent citizen of McCulloch County. J. D. Harkey, for many years sheriff and tax collector of Dickens County, came to the Matadors from Hall's Ranch. To show the kind of men these men were, I will relate a little incident that happened while Harkey and Beasley were working for Hall.

"H" and "B" were two neighbor ranchmen and agreed to help each other work the range and brand the calves. "B" did not let "H's" men know when he worked his range, went ahead and branded his calves, then sent men down to work "H's" range and get his calves and other cattle there. Sometime previous to that, there had been a herd of South Texas cattle driven through "H's" range, causing a heavy loss of cows from fever, leaving a great many of "H's" calves motherless on his range. These men knew that "H" would fire them if they let "B's" men work the range with all these motherless calves still unbranded and they expected they would get fired if they did not let "B's" men get their cattle, as "H" and "B" were good friends, so they figured it was a case of getting fired either way and they had rather get fired for doing their duty, so they went to the camp where others of "H's" men were camped and told them how the land lay. Van Lenard, Jim Jones, Harkey and Beasley and others of "H's" men decided to put "B's" men off the range. They realized it was a man's sized job, but it was their duty to do it, so they went ahead and accomplished their purpose. Sure enough, "H" fired the whole outfit for doing their duty as they saw it in defense of his own property. George Walker, one of their most popular bosses died on the range. His funeral service was read by one of the boys. Mrs. Campbell selecting a chapter in the Bible suitable for the occasion.

J. D. Stacker, at one time boss of the ranch, now a prominent citizen of Floyd County, was one of the first men hired on the ranch. One of the best and most popular. Dad Lenard, the human landmark of the range, one of the first line riders of Matadors' before the days of the fence, is now a prominent citizen of Motely County, and can still trail a bunch of horses or cattle across the prairie where most people could not see a track. These men were of the old cowboy stock that would stand by right at all hazzards, at all times, and under any and all circumstances. The improvement and development of the ranch was carried out under most unfavorable conditions. The nearest railroad depot being the T. P. at Fort Worth, a distance of three hundred miles. The supplies were all hauled from there the first year. Mr. Campbell was fortunate in being able to get the lumber for the first house on the ranch, and the first in the country at Fort Griffin, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, over a country without a road. The house consisted of two rooms, twelve feet square and was first occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Campbell. By the spring of 1881, the Texas Pacific Railroad had built out to Colorado City, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles from the ranch, and that was the shipping point for a number of years. In 1881 the first child was born to Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, a son, and the doctor was brought from Fort Griffin, one hundred and fifty miles, for the occasion. The only other lady in the county was a Mrs. A. B. Cooper, who lived twenty miles away; far from civilization and the soothing presence of woman companions. Mrs. Campbell lived the only guardian angel of their frontier home. Often it was necessary to leave her entirely alone. A little incident happened during one of those lonely moments that in after life was the cause for many a smile when looking backward over the hazardous trail of time. Mrs. Campbell, being alone and lonely and not at the moment realizing the distance they had to go for supplies, traded all the flour on the ranch to a west-bound mover for a dog. The result was the ranch was without bread for two weeks. Such was life in the far West.

In sickness and accidents when the boys felt the need and sothing influence of a mother's care, she was ever present to bind their wounds, striving to allay the pain as only a mother could. Is it any wonder that some of the boys justly called her the mother of the range? In 1883 the Matador Cattle Company sold out to a Scotch syndicate, which organized the Matador Land and Cattle Company. Mr. H. H. Campbell being retained as manager. The old company turned over forty or fifty thousand head of cattle to the new company, but little land as most of the range was free State land. Soon after the transfer of the cattle to the new company, Mr. Campbell, with their co-operation, began to grade up the cattle and buy the land, and as a consequence the company was soon owners of one million acres of land in Motley, Dickens, Floyd and Cottle Counties, and a much improved herd of grade cattle. Between 1885 and 1888, they reached their maximum production. Branding from eighteen to twenty-five thousand calves a year and were running approximately 100,000 cattle on the range and employed from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty men. In order to keep up the high production it was necessary to find a maturing ground for the steer cattle and in line with the other great producing ranches of Texas, made use of the greatest of all cattle trails. The trail from Texas to the maturing grounds of Wyoming and Montana, where they drove thousands of head of stock every year until the close of the trail. By 1889 the settlers were drifting into the country and filing on the school lands, thereby narrowing the great ranges down to the limits of the wire fence. Motley County was organized in 1891 and Mr. Campbell elected judge, and severed his connection with the Matador Land and Cattle Company, and was succeeded by Mr. Murdo McKenzie.

Mr. J. M. Jackson and John McBain are the present managers of the Matadors, still one of the greatest breeding ranches in the United States. I am indebted to Mr. Harry H. Campbell, feeder and breeder of cattle at Matador, Texas, for data pertaining to the Matadors. He was born on the ranch and grew up with it. A son of the founder, he saw the ranch grow from its early days to be one of the greatest cattle-breeding ranches in the world. Texas is the cradle of the range cattle industry of the United States. Her ranges have stood more grazing than all the rest of the States combined and shows the least effect. Today she stands pre-eminent as the beef cattle nursery of America. There is the source from which flowed from 300,000 to 500,000 young steers every

JOHN JACKSON, SENIOR FOREMAN.
MATADOR RANCH

year for twenty-eight years through the gateways, Dodge City and Ogallala the distributing points to the maturing grounds of the North, where they were grazed to maturity, to at last find a market at the great centers of population.

THE GREAT CHICAGO MARKETS

The lack of a market was by far the greatest drawback to the early Texas cattle ranchers. The vast plains country offered little inducement to agriculture owing to its remoteness from the markets. The great stretches of prairie and plains were best suited to the grazing of cattle. The opening of the Union Stock Yards in Chicago, in 1865, removed from the brow of the range cattle ment the great overhanging cloud of doubt and uncertainty of a market and gave them hope and encouragement. It was this always ready market system acting as a stimulus that made possible the expanding of the great range cattle industry in a few years to the outer limits of the vast free ranges of the West. By the early seventies the Chicago live stock market was as it stands today, the commercial head of the vast live stock industry of the United States. The fact that the Chicago live stock market continues year after year to maintain its remarkable supremacy, notwithstanding the Western advance of population and agricultural development and the existence of other live stock markets nearer to Chicago's Western sources of supply, is to her superior advantages of geographical location. Magnificent transportation and local facilities and greater inducements in every way for both buyers and sellers of live stock to meet and trade with the most satisfactory results to all concerned. No better recommendation of the Chicago market could be shown than the fact of this constant free competition in daily buying of live stock and the conclusion is inevitable that it is at once the best market for both producer and consumer. The market where the producer can get the best prices for his live stock and where the consumer can get the best and cheapest meats and other animal products. Chicago's immense patronage tells a story of general satisfaction.

No market in the country can offer to producers and shippers o live stock no such great advantages as are found at the Union Stock Yards, Chicago. In 1913 Chicago butchered 2,886,456 cattle, and Kansas City butchered 2,318,855 head of cattle, and employed men, women and girls to the grand total of 33,410 in that great industry. Today ten million potential readers receive the bureau of markets, live stock, and meat reports every day. The various press associations place a high value upon the accuracy and unbiased nature of the bureau's reports and every day a 110-word live stock report, prepared by the bureau, is dispatched from each of the five leading live stock markets to thousands of newspapers over the leased wire circuits of these associations. The commercial telegraph companies have a special market reporting service, known as the "C. N. D." The subscription lists of the mimeographed reports contain 10,000 names of producers, co-operative organizations, dealers and others. To make possible the service outlined above which members of the trade affirm is the best service of its kind yet available, the live stock and meat divisions, maintain eight branch offices in the eight largest live stock and fresh meat centers in the United States. At Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Paul, the National Stock Yards in Illinois, New York, Boston and Philadelphia. Trained market reports and telegraphers are located and at stated periods each morning designated reports of market conditions are released. These branches are connected with each other and with the Washington office by leased wire, approximately 2,375 miles of wire extending from Boston in the East to St. Paul in the North, and Kansas City and East St. Louis in the South. Thus linking five of the largest live stock markets and four of the greatest meat consuming centers in the country. The news is bulletined as fast as it comes over the wire. Producers, shippers, traders and consumers consult these boards constantly, and are kept informed of movements, prices and general trade conditions in the kind of live stock or dressed meat in which they are interested. The Chicago Live Stock Market is by far the most important live stock center in the world. Here an average of 3,000,000 dollars of business is transacted every business day and except for temporary local conditions, prices at most of the other live stock markets throughout the United States are largely based. While the census of 1910 showed our available beef cattle, other than milk cows, was 41,198,434. In 1920 our edible live stock was 23,321,000, milk cows 42,870,000 other cattle, and 45,067,000 sheep, and approximately 66,650,000 swine. During 1920 more than 100,000,000 animals were slaughtered in the United States and dressed meat, including lard, amounted to 20,500,000,000 pounds. Stupendous as these figures are, still they probably fail to bring home to most of us what they stand for in measures of foodstuffs. Revealing as they do, how much it takes to nourish this nation and have besides a surplus of some commodities or export. The above figures show only a small increase in our beef cattle other than milk stock for the past ten years, while from 1900 to 1910 our population increased twenty-one per cent. While it is true for several years we have been eating less meat than previously, substituting larger quantities of other food stuffs, drinking more milk and using more cereals. Dietitians tell us that the change is better for our bodies and for our purses. But dietitians have not proven that the human race can well get along without meat any more, especially without beef. Here in the West we have one of the most rugged and intelligent races of manhood and womanhood in the world and the people have always been large consumers of beef.

During the war and since the scarcity and high prices of meat the under-nourishment of the children and rising generation reached an alarming state. Recent investigations have proven that it was for the lack of that great food product —beef—that was the main cause for that under-nourishment. We have in the past been able to look beyond the frontier of cultivation to new and untouched lands, ready to supply the landless farmer with a homestead. As the homesteader encroached on the domain of the cattle rancher, the rancher moved on West to new pasture. To-day that untouched reserve has disappeared. The vast free range of a few decades ago is now in the hands of the homesteader. The cattle ranger is now at the end of the trail, there are no other lands to conquer.

I am indebted to Milt Hinkle for the information that the last roundup on outside range in the Southwest was in the spring of 1907, in Chavis County, New Mexico. The roundup was thrown together at the old round grounds by the Four Lakes, where they thrwed together about thirty thousand head of mixed cattle. In order to work the herd they cut it into four roundups or bunches. There was approximately seven hundred head o saddle horses at that roundup. Hinkle has worked all over the range country, at one time worked for the great Duggan Ranch in the Argentine Republic, South America. That outfit claimed to have over one million head of cattle and horses.

The roundup just mentioned in the Four Lakes County, New Mexico, was said to have been the last big roundup in the West and chronicled the passing of the old open range system. The great range cattle industry as it was a quarter of a century ago is no longer possible.

Nevada and Wyoming, with a few open spots in New Mexico and Arizona, were the last to shed the hide of the Old West. The last to cling to the vanishing remnant of old open cow range. The great fenced ranges of Texas, previously mentioned, will be the source from which the feed lots of the corn belt will be filled in the future. After just passing through three of the hardest, most depressing years in the history of the range cattle business, when it looked for a while like one of the basic industries of the State would be forced out of business, Texas last fall, 1921, was quoted as having 4,500,000 range cattle out of a total of 66,191,000 of all classes o cattle for the entire United States. Remarkable showing under the circumstances. Some of the pioneers are still living that took an active part in transforming Texas from the range of the buffalo, and the hunting grounds of the Commanche to the great agricultural and stock farming empire of to-day. These men never know defeat—with every rebuff they come back with renewed hope, wiser and better fitted to cope with the economic conditions of the times. These pioneers were a rugged set of men, well qualified for the self-assumed task. They pushed the Aborigines back, utilizing the country for what it was best adapted at that time. The range cattle industry has seen its inception zenith and partial extinction all within a half century. What was the beef producing grounds of the West a few years back now are being used for other purposes—whether practically and intelligently or not, time will tell.

The history of the early day cowboy comes largely in the way of stories of shootups and drunken brawls. It was said that many of them had to leave their own country and with that dare-deviltry sought the wild free life in which they tried to live up to the reputation of being wild and woolly. Often the rustler was a cow-puncher—he had to know the business to do his thieving—so with many the idea of the cowboy still suggests, helped by the movies, a rather tough bunch. In a very small per cent of cases that was so. But in a great majority of cases of in a general sense, nothing could be farther from the truth. I do not claim that they were all perfect or without their faults, though comparatively few were driven from some other country. The great majority of them were natives of the Lone Star State. Those who were not went because they wanted to go. They loved nature and the wild free life of the open spaces and as a general rule their word was good as any man's bond. They were honest to a fault. If he had not have been, the great cattle industdy of the West never could have existed as it did for the past fifty years, and the great ranches in Texas that stand to-day a lasting monument to that virile type of Western manhood would not exist.

It was through the honest co-operation of the old-time cattle rancher and his cowboys with the trooper of the frontier posts and the ranger before the law came West, that sounded the death knell to the rustler and the "Bad Injun," and made possible the rapid settlement of the West. The men I have been associated with on the range and on the trail were mostly of that good old type of cowboy that you could depend on all the time. Till Driscoll, the boss for Schreiner and Lytle, whom I went up the trail with in 1883, was killed in Raton, New Mexico, in 1885. He died the death of a typical cowpuncher, with his boots on. Till, like the rest of us, had his faults, but there is one thing sure, he was as good a trail boss as ever drove a herd over the old trail.

Gus Black of Eagle Pass, Texas, who for years drove for Lytle and Schreiner, is one of the best known trail drivers in Texas. He is still buoyant with drive, for time has dealt lightly with him. W. J. Glenn, of Midland, Texas, who with the "S. S." herds followed the long and dusty trail for years, is enjoying life in Midland. Lytle and Schreiner, and Lytle and McDaniel were at one time the largest drivers of cattle from Texas to the Northern ranges.

Men of world-wide fame of whom it has been my good fortune to meet on the cattle range, were the late Marquis De Mores, of whose exploits I have just mentioned; the late Theodore Roosevelt and Fredric Remington. The two last I was better acquainted with. They rode the range with us and lived in the open on the roundup and by the campfire. Theodore Roosevelt become the beau ideal of the cowboys, the uncrowned king o the plains. In the summer heat or blast of the blizzard he lived in the open, hunting the grizzlies or mountain sheep or goat, that finds its pasture at the summit of the loftiest and most rugged peaks. He was ever a leader by the stout merit that counted on the frontier. He climbed the gloomy heights of the Rockies and peered into the dark ravine of the Sierras. Out of all came the Rough Riders and the mighty results to him and the Nation.

To Fredric Remington more than any one else should be given the credit for his part in helping to immortalize the scene of the Old West. In his statuettes, the busted bronkie, and his paintings, Pony Tracks in the Buffalo Trails," and others keep alive the stirring times of the Old Frontier. Fredric Remington and Theodore Roosevelt were two men I learned to love. They had a charm or fascination about them that drew men to them. Mr. Remington was full of buoyant humor. He liked nature and loved the rough and ready West. I remember when in 1885, he was with us on the fall roundup in West Dakota. We most always hunted the Sioux Reservation first to get what cattle, if any, had broken through the line and drifted onto the reservation. We were working back up the South Fork of the Cannon Ball. We hadn't found any cattle. It was the object of the outfits bordering on the reservation to prevent the cattle from drifting that way and generally succeeded very well in keeping them off the reservation. One bright morning in September, our boss, George Towers, said, "Mr. Remington wants to go with you." I, Jim Keen and Dock Lorance took the north side of the river, Mr. Remington with us. The other boys rode the south side. We rode a circle of about twenty miles, when nearing the river we came onto the chuck wagon stuck in an alkali bed. The wheel horses were lying down, the wagon was up to the hubs in the gumbo. We unhitched the wheel horses and hitched them ahead of the leaders to the end of the tongue. By that time the other boys came up and we all tied on with our saddle horses, some to the side of the wagon. When all was ready and the word was given to go, my horse, being a little too near the sink hole, in pulling stuck his hind legs down in the gumbo up to his hocks. He reared straight up when I released my delly to keep him from pulling himself backwards. I let out a link, gut out on firm footing and we took another pull at it and succeeded in pulling it out, very much to the surprise of Mr. Remington. Some time afterwards I received a magazine with the picture showing my horse reared on his hind legs, a real life-like picture. I could very near recognize the boys. I was riding a dark bay horse and the photo was very good of him and all the rest. That time, the early fall of 1885, was the last time I ever met Mr. Remington. Then the range cattle industry in the West had about reached its zenith, though the great ranges were still free Government land. The great human tide in a few years after, swept over the Western cattle range. Without the old and unsettled West the United States could not have been what it is. The very nature of the country made men self-reliant and produced a class o men of a distinct type—men whose very nature was to be honest. They loved the wild open spaces. They were fitted by nature to lead the advance guard of civilization. They were the kind of men who filled the grassy plains of the Southwest with cattle. Some of the earlier pioneers were engaged in cattle ranching in Texas when they threw off the galling yoke of Mexican rule and raised on high the bonny blue flag, the emblem of the Lone Star State. Luxuriant grasses grew all over the unfenced, miles of prairie and plain, under such favorable conditions their herds increased. The one great handicap was the lack of a market. Their very remoteness from the centers of population and the thinly settled condition of the border States made the finding of a market for their beeves a most difficult problem. They sought the nearest Eastern market at New Orleans and the Government Posts and the mining towns to the west. Distance was not considered a factor those days, the whole country west and north was one vast stretch of free range, the home of the buffalo, the hunting grounds of the Indians, and the Longhorn was capable of furnishing his own transportation.

They could graze their beeves all the way to the back doors of border towns and reach their markets in fine cnodition. The old-timers gradually pushed on to the North and by the late sixties and in the early seventies had found a market at Baxter Springs and Abilene, Kansas. Some drove through to Independence and Kansas City, Missouri. Thus driving their beeves to market made the opening up of the Great Texas Cattle Trail to the North an absolute necessity to insure the life and expansion of the range cattle industry.

Later, when Texas was producing an over surplus of Longhorn cattle, thousands of head more than they could carry through to profitable maturity, without greatly reducing their breeding sock. It was at this period that the trail was pushed on North, to the distributing points of Dodge City and Ogallala, where the Northern ranchers met the trail herds from Texas and purchased their yearling and two-year-ald steer cattle to stock he untouched bunch grass ranges of the North. There was the origin of the Great Texas Cattle

THE END OF THE CATTLE TRAIL

Trail, that led from the Rio Grande, to the British Northwest. Across six Sates including the Indian Nation. The longest, most famous cattle trail known to history. Those days the wealth of the great Empire State of Texas was in he cattle and that 2000-mile stretch of trail was the outlet or the artery through which flowed from 1867 to 1887, over 20,000,000 head of cattle to the markets and the maturing grounds of the Norhwest. Ever since Moses, the first trail boss, led he children of Israel with their flocks and herds out of bondage into the happy land of Canaan, the cow or her kind has been in the front ranks of advancing civilization. It was the ox team of the traders and trappers and those of the intrepid missionaries and the Augonauts of 1836 and 1844, who pointed the way for the mightiest human migration of the world's history. Followed by the Mormons in 1846, who settled in the Salt Lake Valley, and founded the Great Salt Lake City, the first permanent settlement in the West, beween the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean. Then in 1849 came the ox teams of the gold seekers of California. They followed the Oregon Trail for more than a thousand miles from Independence to the big bend of the Bear River in Southern Idaho and contended for possession of the single trail then existing with the still passing throng to Oregon. In later years parallel trails were worn deep for long distances as the multitudes jostled each other on their weary Westward journey. The world-famed Oregon Trail led through the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, while the great emigrant trail of the gold seekers of "Forty-nine," crossed the Sierras through Emigrant Gap, the natural gateway to the Pacific. This great Westward trail is without its parallel of picturesque scenery, its tradegies and legends of heroism that some day will lend a theme for an imperishable epic to go down into history for all ages as has already been the physical marks along the way to point the spots where the multitudes passed, suffered and died.

The Old West with its romance of Forts, Indians, cattle and cowboys, has passed; with it has passed the spring roundup and the free, unfenced range. When the leader of the circle moved away at the regular fox trot as the grey dawn lit up the jagged peaks in the dism distance, followed by all the cowboys of the roundup, he would drop them off in two's and three's to drive down canyon or creek. He would take the outside, then far away in the distance we would see their figures against the horizon as they followed the divide, the furthest point of the morning circle. When the cattle were bunched on the roundup grounds, we would change to our trained cutting horses. Then we would see a great display of horsemanship as they separated, a cow and calf or beef steer from the main bunch to the cutout. The old-time cowboy was a child of nature; his home was with the wagon, his bed a roll of blankets, the blue sky for a canopy. He knew every cow trail in the range country. He could converse with a cow in her own language, wih the instinct of an Indian and the resistance of an Anglo-Saxon. No day's ride was too long. Now, his old home has vanished from the West, since the pastured fence has encircled the cow range. The white-face has taken the place of the Longhorn and the barbed wire fence of civilization has criss-crossed the cattle trail. Ever since man took his first tottering upward step toward civilized life, the cow has been in the front ranks of his advancement. All down through the past ages along the trail of humans' upward progress has been noted the ever presence of that mother of the human race. Her hoof-prints marked the trails that pushed the star of empire West. Under the new evironment domesticated cattle will go on through the ever-changing lanes of time, supplying some of the essentials to life's progress, health and happiness of the human race. Now as the open spaces vanished a true type of the Western plains is passing. The cowboy is afoot in the land at the end of the trail. Where the "Red man" fought his last battle against the onward march of the "Paleface." Where the buffalo made his last stand against the cruel slaughter of the hide hunter. Now the whistle o the locomotive has drowned the howl of the lobo wolf. The cow pony is turned loose in the big pasture. The mount of the fence rider is branded "FORD."

The pioneers did their part and it is reasonable to assume that poserity will successfully solve each problem as it presents itself. Nature has done much for humanity in this vast region and humanity has ever manifested an ability to make the most of nature's lavishness.

The Great Texas Cattle Trail lingers only in our memories of the past as the trail over which thousands of cattle and hundreds of cowboys were transplanted from he mesquite grass range of the Pecos to the bunch grass range of the Yellowstone.

THE OLD FRONTIER

(Frank B. Linderman, in Scribner's Magazine)

Adown the trail with the buffalo herds
And the tribes of the warlike Sioux
Are the roundup ways of the cowboy days
And the old chuck wagon, too.

The trapper sleeps and the packer's gone
With the coach and the bronco team,
And the bunch grass range is growing strange
To the lonely campfire's gleam.

The trails are dimming amon gthe hills;
Old wallows on the plain
Are leveled now by the nester's plow
And there is no wagon train.

The bull team by old Time's corraled
O'er Custom's sharp divide,
And shades galore of thrilling lore
In its deep'ning thickets hide.

The trooper and the halfbreed scout,
In a history making mass,
With the pioneer and the old frontier
Have sifted through the pass.

But like echoes of the life we knew,
A love that's deep and strange
Is camping close to the fading host
As it crosses Mem'ry's range.

In closing this story of the Cattle Trail, it would be only half told without mention of the pioneer mothers, who took such an active part in civilizing the West. I can do no better than quote the beautiful tribute to the pioneer mothers, written by Mr. Frank Hastings, manager of the great S. M. S. Ranch at Stamford, Texas, who wrote in part:

"In Texas, perhaps, more than any other state, for a period between 1865 and 1900, women knew greater hardships by reason of the scant population of the cattle country. The dangers which the early settlers passed through had their horizon, but none greter than those of time of great personal safety, and less companionship. The epitaph of the frontier woman will never be written; her part in bringing the wilds into civilization, her mission in pushing forward the faltering steps of man, the courage she gave him to fight on, no tongue can tell, no pen portray. Far from the companionship of her own sex, often without them, and without doctor in woman's hour. She has left her impress upon the American nation, that tells its story every day in high places in clean manhood, and womanhood, in conception of duty and inherent knowledge of right and wrong.

The frontier woman is disappearing as the lonely wastes vanish, but even in the improved environment she is yet one of the sturdy glories of American motherhood.

THE DEAD PAST

Where once the old six-shooter spoke
The copper's billy swings;
The glamour o the past is broke
By laws an' rules an' things.
What once was roaring' dancin'-halls
A deadly silence wraps—
Since punchers took to overalls
Instead of spurs an' chaps.

The click of chips ain't heard no more;
The raulette wheel don't whir;
The gamblin' joint's now a store,
An' things ain't what they were.
The games is done; the curtain falls
On faro, stud an' craps—
Since punchers took to overalls
Instead of spurs an' chaps.

THE END OF THE CATTLE TRAIL

There ain't no gang comes whoopin' down
The middle of the trail,
A-shootin' up the little town
An' drivin' strangers pale;
We've done with all them oldtime brawls
An' crazy shootin' scraps—
Since punchers took to overalls
Instead of spurs an' chaps.

I s'pose the hull thing's fer the best;
And yet somehow I sigh
Fer that old rough-an'-ready West
I knew in days gone by.
It seems to me that life just crawls
An' all its joys collapse—
Since punchers took to overalls
Instead of spurs an' chaps.

—Berton Braley.

THE SONG OF THE COWBOY

The cowboy ranger Symbol of the West,
His life of romance and daring no one can assail,
Drove savage and rustler from the land of the blessed,
Now afoot in the land by the end of the trail,
His pony must earn his keep by the sweat of its brow,
Never more stand guard in rain and the hail,
Never more will he follow the trail of the cow.
He must till the soil at the end of the trail,
Look far over younder just nearing the crest.
That many colored something part hid in the vale,
Like a long slender ribbon stretching far to the West,
'Tis the last lone herd at the end of the trail.
Where he buffalo roamed in his halcyon days,
The elk roamed the mountains,
And the valleys were blessed.
Where the lobo wolf prowled and the antelope grazed,
In a land of wonders, the dream of the West.
Oh, dear land, of Texas where my boyhood days
In rounding up the cattle we never would fail.
The home of the longhorn where the mustang grazed,

THE END OF THE CATTLE TRAIL

And was driven with the cattle to the end of the trail.
Here is to my comrades and dear land of the range,
From the long dusty drive, we have changed to the rail,
Since the herds have departed the land is so strange,
May we meet over there by the end of the trail.

—By J. L. Hill.

THE COW-PONY OF THE WESTERN PLAINS

Cortes landed at Tobasco in 1519, with the first horses ever brought to America. To men of all ages the horse of Northern Africa has been the standard of worth, beauty and speed. It was bred for the purpose o war and raised under the most favorable climatic conditions, and its descendants have infused their blood into all the strains wihch we regard as valuable. The Moors, stocked Spain with this horse, and the so-called Spanish horse is more Moorish than otherwise. It is fair to presume that the lightly armored Cavaliers of the sixteenth century, during the Spanish conquests of America, rode this animal, which had been so long domesticated in Spain in preference to the inferior northern horse. To this day the pony of the Southwestern plains shows many points of the Barbary horse to the exclusion of all other breeding. In contemplating the gradual adjustment of the Spanish pony of the Southwest to his environment, no period more commends itself than that of the time from the Spanish invasion of Mexico to the present day. The lapse of four generations and the great variety of dissimilar conditions have so changed the American bronco from his Spanish ancestor that he now enjoys a distinctive individuality. This individuality is also subdivided, and as all types come from a common ancestry the reasons for this varied development are sought with interest, though I fear not always with accuracy. Cortes left Cuba on his famous expedition with 16 horses which were procured from the plantations of the island at great expense. As a matter of course these horses did not contribute to the stocking of the conquered country for they all laid down their lives to make another page of military history in the annals of he Barbary horse. Subsequent importations must have replenished the race. Possibly the dangers and expense attendant on importation did not bring a very high grade of horses from Spain, though I am quite sure that no sane Don would have preferred a coarse-jointed weight carrier for use on the hot sands of Mexico to a light, supple Barb which would recognize in the sand and heat of his new world home, an exact counterpart of his African hills.

As the Spaniards worked north in their explorations they lost horses by the adverse fortunes of war and by their straying and being captured or stolen by Indians. At a very early date the wild horse was encountered on the plains of Mexico. But a long time elapsed before he was found in the North. La Salle found the Comanches with Spanish goods and also horses in their possession but on his journey to Canada it was with great difficulty that he procured horses from the Indians farther North. In 1680, about the time of La Salle's experience in he South, Father Hennepin lived with the Sioux, and marched and hunted the buffalo on foot. The Comanches boast that they remmebered when the Arapahoes, to the north, used dogs as beasts of burden. That horses were lost by the early Spanish explorers and ran in a wild state over the high, dry plains of Mexico and Texas there is no doubt. And as the conditions of life were favorable they must have increased rapidly. How many years elapsed before the Northern Indians procured these animals with which they are so thoroughly identified is not easily ascertainable. The Cheyenne Indians, who were well versed in tribal legend which is rehearsed by the lodge fire in the long winter nights, claim they have always had horses. I suspect this assertion has its foundation in the vanity of their chivalier souls, for he Cheyenne legend runs very smoothly and has paleface corroboration back to a period when we know that they could not have had horses. Only on the Southern plains did the Spanish pony reach his most typical American development.

The earliest pioneers even before 1812, found thousands of wild horses running on the vast unsettled prairies, and plains of Texas and Mexico. Their range extended from the eastern line of Texas to the Staked Plains on the west and from Mexico to the line of Colorado on the north. These wild ponies, known as Mustangs, were more numerous even in the early days on the Upper Trinity, the Concho, and the Brazos Rivers, though they were found on the prairies all over Eastern Texas in scattered bands.

THE END OF THE CATTLE TRAIL

As the pioneers advanced the wild horse moved farther back from the haunts of man. He sought the farthest Western plains. Far out on the waterless Llano Estakado and the head of the Colorado and the Canadian Rivers. There he roamed in thousands, until the advancing lines of the white man drove him from the Western plains.

It was from these wild herds that the Indians secured their horses before the paleface crossed the Big Muddy. One of their favorite methods of capturing the wild mustangs was one they learned from the Mexicans. In summer most of the creeks in Texas dry up, water standing in holes. The Indians would find where wild horses were watering near a tree standing on the bank of the creek which was often the case in Eastern and Central Texas. Then they would spread the loop of their lariat or rawhide rope near the edge of the water and secure the other end to the tree then one of their number would climb the tree and hide among the branches and wait for the animals, when one of the animals stepped into the loop the Indian would give the rope a quick jerk and tighten it around the leg. Once secured they would side line it or tie one fore foot and a hind foot together about two feet apart and put ropes enough on it to hold it, slowly but surely they would work it to their camp and by constant work with it and starvation, would ultimately subdue it. The early pioneers of Texas found numerous herds of these wild horses running wild on the prairies. It was from this stock, secured from the Mexicans, that the early cattle rancher got his cow ponies. The Mexicans of the Indian-infested frontier kept their ponies close herded; they lived where they located their ranches. They took some pains in breeding as they desired good horses, and selected their stallions in order to produce them. From this Spanish stock sprang the famed Texas cow pony. The Spanish horse nof Northern Mexico was the progenitors of the American bronco. Most of the early ranchers in Texas raised hundreds of these ponies, running loose on the prairies, they would round them up and brand the increases, and break them to saddle, buckboard, or plough as needed. Thousands were disposed of to the ranchers in Arkansas, Louisiana, and Missouri. There were men in Texas engaged in dealing in horses exclusively. At one time these ponies could be bought in Mexico for four or five dollars a head, even selling in Texas as low as seven dollars or less. When broken and mated up they would bring frob $40 to $100 a span in St. Louis or Chicago. Many of these ponies running loose on the prairies of the Southwest strayed away or were run off by some wild stallion to his band of mustangs; thus the wild horses increased after the arrival of the pioneer.

As late as 1880, hundreds of these wild horses ranged over the plains of Western Texas, Indian Territory and Western Kansas and Colorado. By that time their ranks were being thinned. Like the buffalo and the wild Indian, they were driven back before the fast advancing line of Anglo-Saxon civilization. Like the buffalo, he was hunted for profit. Though the same wasteful methods were never pursued, his carcass was not let to putrify on the prairie or to become food for the wolves, only in a very few instances. He was tamed and adopted to the useful needs of manking.

The mustang hunter of the plains outfit consisted of a chuck wagon and pony team to haul the grub and bedding, ropes for corrals and other necessary trappings. A man to drive the wagon, cook and act as camp guard, and two or three riders—generally four men in all. Each man would be furnished with five or six of the very best Spanish horses procurable, good rope horses. Often they would use a light wagon or buckboard to haul water and grub along while following the wild horses. Thus equipped they would go to the range of the mustang. On finding a bunch they would, by the aid of field glasses, follow them for days, keeping them away from water as long as possible. When they would get to water and quench their burning thirst the hunters would have their gentle horses near and while the wild horses were so full of water they would not run fast they would drive them to a corral built purposely nearby. Often they would find it necessary to kill the wild stallion, for these stallions will fight to the last for their family and freedom. They rope and throw them, hobble or side line the leaders, drive them into the settlements where they would break them.

Now the wild horse has also disappeared from the West. He made his last fight for freedom in the rugged wilds of Nevada where the remnant of the herd was caught in 1908. The hunters used corrals; the country being broken they could build their corrals in some canyon or narrow pass in the mountains known to be the passageway of the mustangs. To this corral they would have a wing extending a half a mile on each side of the gate, or entrance. Often the hunters would have some gentle horses inside the wings. When they were fortunate enough to head the mustangs in the right dierection they could capture the whole herd. The wild horse is the wildest animal in the world, and when one of those stallions head for a certain country, or in a certain direction he would go or die, and drive his bunch with him. I have been told recently that there are a few wild horses yet running in that wild desert country in Old Meico southwest of Nogales, Arizona. The golden age of the wild bronco ended some 40 or 50 years ago when the great tidal wave of Saxonism reached his grassy plains. He was rounded up and brought under the yoke by the thousands, and his glories departed. Here and there a small band fled before man but their freedom was hopeless.

The act of subjugation was more implied than real. To this day when the cowboy in the great fenced range in the Southwest goes out and drives in a herd of broncos to the corral there is little difference between the wild horse of old and his enslaved progeny. Of course, the wild stallion is always eliminated, and he alone was rseponsible for the awe which a wild horse inspired. The home of the simon pure wild horse was on the Southwestern plains and when he appeared elsewhere he had been transported there by man and found his freedom later on. There was a horse in the Indian Territory called the Cherokee pony, which is a peculiar animal of low stature, generally piebald or spotted with a great profusion of mane and tail. He is close set with head and legs not at all of the bronco type and I am sure that his deriviation is from the East, though some insist on classing him with our Western ponies. The most favorable place to study the pony is in an Indian camp as the Indians rarely defeat the ends of nature in the matter of natural selection. The ponies are allowed to eat the very greenest grass they can find in the summertime, and to chew on a cottonwood log in winter with perfect indifference on the part of their owners. The pony is thus a reflex of nature, and coupled with his surroundings, is of quite as much interest as the stretch of prairie grass, the white lodges, and the balnketed forms. The savage red man in his great contest with nature learned, not to combat nature but to observe her moods and to prepare a simple means of escape. He put up no hay for the winter but relied on the bark of the cottonwood for fodder. The writer has witnessed the Indan's treatment of his ponies in winter. I have seen the Sioux build a brush corral around their ponies out of green cottonwool brush and poles in dead of winter, when two feet of snow covered the ground. That was all they had to eat. After a night's enclosure in their brush corral, they would have the bark eaten off of everything in reach.

Before the early grass starts in the spring the emaciated appearance of one of these little ponies in the far Norhwest will sorely try the feelings of any lover of the equine race. But when the young, tender grass does shoot out, the pony scours the trash which composes his winter diet, sheds his matted hair, and in a month shines forth another horse ready to fly over the grassy plains wih his savage master, or drag the travois, and pack the buxom squaw. The Indian cayuse is generally roan in color with always a tendency this way. In height he is about 14 hands and while not possessed of the activity of the Texas pony, some say he has more power. From my own observations I am quite sure the Texas pony will stand more hard riding than the Indian cayuse, while both are supposed o have descended from the same ancestral source, the different environment under which they have been reared for generations has made of the Texas Spanish pony a superior horse for hard riding. Like the trained athlete inured to carrying the heavy cowboy saddle, and rider, has produced in the Texas cow pony a weight carrier with few equals if any, and none superior.

The Indian always close-herded or staked his ponies while the Texas cow pony had more freedom running at large, on the range, when not in use. Some expect to find in the Indian pony of old, the bounding steed of romance. Do not be deluded into expecting the arched neck, the graceful lines, of the English hunter, for they are not there—they have existed only on paper. He may be all that the wildest enthusiast may claim in point of hardihood, but he is not beautiful. His head and neck join like the two parts of a hammer, his legs are as fine as a deer's, though not with the flat knee cap and broad cannon bone of the English ideal. For a long ride give me the old Texas cow pony. His greatest good quality is the ease with which he stands any amount of hard riding over the trail. This is not because of any particular power over the Eastern-bred horse, or the thoroughbred, but because of his hard stomach. He eats no grain in the growing stages of his life, and his stomach has not been forced artificially to supply a system beyond the power of the stomach to fill.

Old "Cabby," 22 years old, still in service. One of many cow ponies 15 to 20 years old and still good. These old cowhorses are usually fine cutting horses and are not given hard work. Old Cabby has never failed to hold anything roped off of him. He is in Mr. Holmberg's mount, but the manager has a pretty strong claim on him and the boys say, is foolish about him.

The same general difference is noted between an Indian and a white man. You may gallop the pony until your thoroughbred would heave and thump and go wrong in a dozen vital places, and the broncho will cool off, and come through little the worse for the experience. I have ridden a Texas cow pony one hundred miles, from sun to sun, many a time, and have never seriously injured one yet from a long, hard ride. It seems the hand of kind providence placed the Spanish pony at the service of the early cattle rancher of Texas, for no other horse could ever have filled his place on the cow-range so well. He was through nature naturally adapted for the long, hot rides so often necessary in the days of the vast stretches of unfenced range. One thing is certain, of all the monuments which the Spaniard left to glorify his reign in America, there are none more worthy than his horse. The Spanish stock of horses may be found today in thousands from the city of the Montezumas to the regions of perpetual snow. They are grafted into our equine wealth, and make an important impression on the horse of the country.

Quoting from the remarks of the late Frederick Reming, in speaking of the Spanish cow pony when with us on the fall roundup in Montana, in 1885, he said: "The lope is a term which should never be applied to that motion in any other breed of horses."

I have watched a herd of cow ponies being driven over the prairie, where the undulations of the backs of the moving throng were as regular and easy as the rise and fall of the watery waves. The fox trot, which is the habitual gait of all plainsmen, cowboys, and Indians, is easily cultivated in him and his light, supple frame accommodates itself naturally to the motion. This particular American horse lays claim to another quality which in my estimation is not the least, and that is his wonderful picturesqueness. He graces the Western landscape, not because he reminds us of the equine ideal, but because he comes of the soil, and has borne the heat and burden, and vicissitudes of that pale of romance, which will cling about the Western frontier. As we see him hitched to the plow or wagon he seems a living protest against ultitarianism. But like his red master, he will not go. He has borne the Moor, the Spanish conqueror, the red Indian, the mountain man, and the vaqueror or cowboy through all the glories of their careers, but they will soon be gone with all their heritage of gallant deeds. The pony must meekly enter the new regime. He must wear the collar of the new civilization and earn his oats by the sweat of his flank. There are no more worlds for him to conquer; now he must till the soil.

THE OL' COW HOSS

When it comes to saddle hosses, there's a difference in steeds;
There is fancy-gaited critters that will suit some feller's needs,
There is nags high-bred an' tony with a smooth and shiny skin,
That will capture all the races that you want to run 'em in.
But for one that never tires; one that's faithful, tried an' true;
One that allus is a "stayer" when you want to slam him through,
There is but one breed o' critters that I ever come across,
That will allus stand the racket—'tis the Ol' Cow Hoss!

No, he ain't so much fer beauty, fer he's scrubby an' he's rough,
An' his temper's sort o' sassy, but you bet he's good enough!
Fer he'll take the trail o' mornings, be it up or be it down,
On the range a-huntin' cattle or a lopin' into town,
An' he'll leave the miles behind him an' he'll never sweat a hair,
'Cuz he is a willing critter when he's goin' anywhere.
Oh, your thoroughbred at runnin' in a race may be the boss,
But fer all-day ridin' lemme have the Ol' Cow Hoss.

When my soul seeks peace an' quiet on the home ranch of the blest,
Where no storms nor stampedes bother, an' the trails are trails o' rest;
When my brand has been inspected an' pronounced to be O. K.,
An' the boss has looked me over an' has told me I kin stay,
Oh, I'm hopin' when I'm lopin' off across that blessed range,
That I won't be in a saddle on a critter new an' strange;
But I'm prayin' ev'ry minnit that up there I'll ride across
That big heaven range o' glory on an Ol' Cow Hoss.

—A. A. Brininstool, in Los Angeles Express.

NOTE: ILLUSTRATIONS THRU COURTESY OF F. S. HASTINGS, MGR. S.M.S. RANCH